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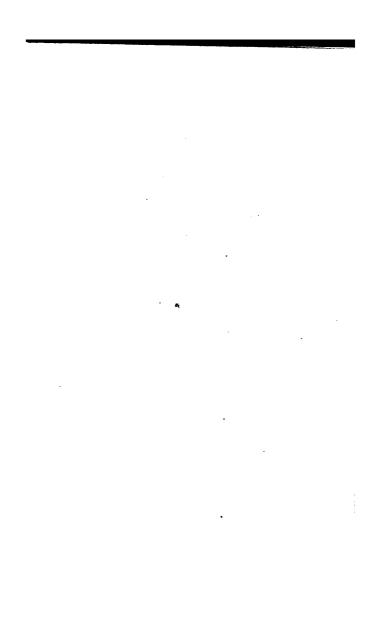
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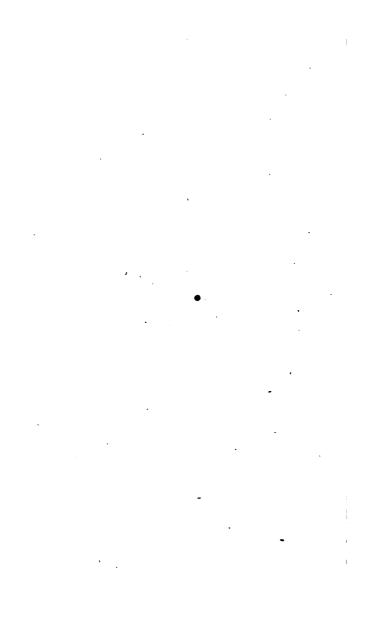
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THE WOODEN CROSS.

red her hand affectionately to the child, who gladly took it."-P. 7.

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so saying, she offered her hand affectionately to the child, who gladly took it."—P. 7.

THE

BRAVE BOY;

OB,

CHRISTIAN HEROISM.



"She fell upon her knees, and thanked God."-P. 33.

LONDON:

GEO. ROUTLEDGE & CO. FARRINGDON STREET.
1856.



BRAVE BOY;

OR,

Christian Beroism.

By MRS. EYRE.

"Young Thalaba look'd round:

He stood amid the wilderness alone."

SOUTHER

"There is a comfort in the strength of love:

'Twill make a thing endurable which elso

Would overset the brain or break the heart."

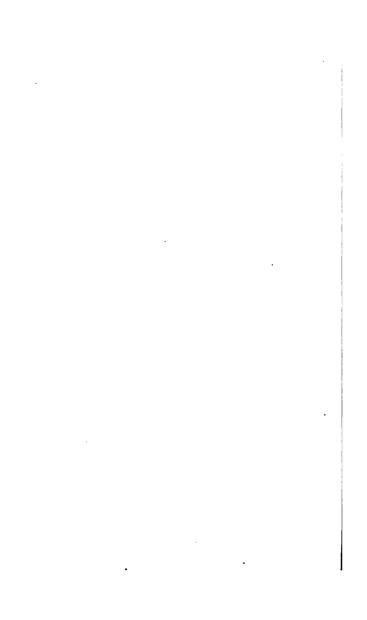
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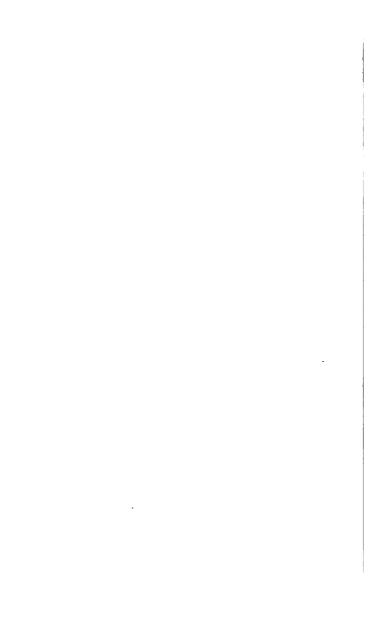
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THE WOODEN CROSS.



THE WOODEN CROSS.

CHAPTER I.

THE CATHEDRAL.

THE Countess Linden was the widow of a rich German count. Since the death of her husband she had led a very retired life, living at her castle in the country, and seldom coming into the city of S——, from which it was not many miles distant. She was much loved and respected by her neighbours, both rich and poor.

It happened, at the time which we are speaking of, that this good lady came to the city of S—— to remain a few weeks while settling some important business. The evening before her return, she went out to walk, and passing the fine cathedral for which S—— is

noted, she resolved to go in once again and admire its lofty arches and splendid marble pillars. Vespers were over, and she could therefore indulge her own meditations without disturbing the devotions of others. Lady Linden was a Protestant, and an Englishwoman, but she had often heard of this cathedral from her husband, who was a Roman Catholic, and who had often come over from his castle to attend the service here.

The twilight and stillness of the sacred building stirred up feelings of devotion in her heart, and she knelt down and offered up a silent prayer. Then she walked slowly through the long aisles, and seemed lost in wonder at the magnificence which surrounded her. She was much interested by the rich marble monuments in the side chapels. One especially interested her: it was sacred to the memory of a lady, who during her life had suffered severe trials, having outlived both her husband and children, and who had devoted her remaining years to acts of kindness and benevolence. The inscription on the monument was "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea, saith the

Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv. 13. Lady Linden had lost several children, who had all died in infancy, and now she had lost her husband. She felt the similarity of her case to that of this lady, and she resolved to follow her example—to bear her troubles with patience and resignation, and to do as much good to others as lay in her power.

On leaving this side chapel, full of these pious and good resolutions, she entered another, and was startled by seeing a little girl, of about eight years old, kneeling before the altar in deep mourning. Her hands were clasped, and she was praying so earnestly that she did not notice Lady Linden. Tears rolled down her cheeks, and there was a touching expression of grief and resignation on her face. When she rose from her knees, Lady Linden, who had been watching her with great interest, said, in a gentle tone of voice, "You are very sad, dear little girl, what is the matter?"

The child's tears fell fast, as she answered, "My father has been dead a year to-day, and my mother has been buried only a week."

"Poor child! and what have you been praying for so earnestly?" said the lady.

"That God will take care of me," the child replied. "I have been staying with the people with whom we lodged, but they told me to-day that I must go away to-morrow."

"And have you no relations to whom you can go. Is there no one to take care of you?"

"I have some relations in this town, and I wish they would let me come and live with them, but they say they cannot support me, for they have children of their own. The good pastor, who often came to see my mother when she was ill, and was very kind to her, told my uncle and aunt that they ought to take care of me, but they will not agree to do so."

"This is a sad story indeed, my child," said Lady Linden: "I do not wonder that you are so sorrowful."

"I came here very unhappy, but God has taken away my sadness; I feel now quite comforted, and I wish to live according to His will, that I may please Him."

These words, which were spoken simply by the child, whose open brow seemed to bespeak truth and uprightness, touched the noble lady's heart. She looked fondly at the little girl and said,—

"I think that God has heard your prayer, dear little one! keep your resolution, try to please and serve Him, and you will be comforted. Come now with me."

The little girl looked inquiringly at Lady Linden, and answered,—

"Yes, but where? I must go home."

"Come with me to the worthy pastor who was so kind to your sick mother; I wish to consult him how I can help you."

So saying, she offered her hand affectionately to the child, who gladly took it, and went with her to show the way to the pastor's house.

CHAPTER II.

THE NOBLE FOSTER-MOTHER.

THE Lady Linden knew the good pastor, and he was pleased, though surprised, to see her come in leading the child by her hand. He was an old man, and venerable in his appearance: he rose from his writing-table to receive the lady, and, at her request, sent the little girl into another room, while she spoke to him about her.

"Reverend Sir," said Lady Linden, "I am thinking of taking this child to live with me, and of being a mother to her. I have heard her sad story, and I wish to know from you whether it is all true, and to ask your advice upon the subject." Lady Linden then explained to the pastor how she had become acquainted with the little girl, and then added, "My own children died very young, and my heart tells me that I can love this little one as I loved them; but I do not wish to act hastily: what say you?"

The good man raised his eyes beaming with tears of joy, and folding his hands, said,—"God's holy name be praised! You could not do a greater act of mercy, and you could not easily find a better or more sensible child than little Sophy. Her parents were very honest people and sincere Christians; they brought up their child well, and were very

fond of her. I shall never forget the grief of the dying mother when she looked at this dearly-loved child, who stood sobbing by her bedside, and with what a look of pious confidence she raised her eyes to heaven and said, 'Thou, my Heavenly Father, will be her father; I die comforted by this hope.' This faith is now rewarded. God has not left her child desolate. He has mercifully sent you to be her second mother; without doubt it was by His gracious providence that you came at this time to S——, and that you were led to go into the church while the little girl was there. It is His work; His holy name be praised."

Everything was now soon settled, and the worthy pastor called the poor orphan in and said, "Sophy, this good, kind lady proposes to take you home with her, and to be a second mother to you. Are you not very thankful? Will you be a good daughter to her?"

Sophy could hardly answer, for the tears ran fast down her cheeks, but she kissed the lady's hand and said, "I will try indeed."

The pastor continued,-" See, my child, how

mercifully God has provided for you. Thank Him for His fatherly care of you, love Him with all your heart, trust in Him, and keep His commandments. Be a good and an obedient child to your new mother, and give her reason to love you and rejoice in you; then all will go well. And remember, when in the course of your life you meet with sorrow and trouble, pray to God with the same childlike confidence that you just now prayed to Him in the church. He will always be thy sure helper, as He has now helped thee in this trouble. He may not always send-so quick an answer to your prayer, nor give you what you wish so readily, but He will always comfort you and give you what He sees best for you. Trust in Him, look to Him, and you will never be disappointed."

Then the good pastor sent for Sophy's relations, and they were well pleased that the kind lady should take charge of the poor orphan; they were indeed more than satisfied when she said she would take the child just as she was, and that they might keep the few things which had belonged to her parents, and the

rest of Sophy's clothes for their own children
—Sophy only wished to keep a few books of
devotion for her mother's sake.

The next morning, Lady Linden took Sophy with her in her travelling-carriage, and returned to her castle.

It was very late when Lady Linden reached home, and supper was waiting, for her servants expected her, having had notice of her coming. She sat down to table and placed little Sophy close to her. She ate very little herself, but gave the child a plentiful supply. Then she led her into a pretty little room and said, "This is where you are to sleep; be sure and say your prayers very thoughtfully to-night, and ask God's blessing on your new home: good night, sleep well, and do not forget to put out your candle."

Sophy felt very happy; she said her evening prayer with a grateful heart, and soon fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

THE CASTLE OF H----.

When Sophy awoke next morning, she found fresh cause for rejoicing. The rising sun shone into her room so different from the little close dark closet in the town, where she had been used to sleep. It was spring, and when Sophy stood at the window, she looked into the kitchen-garden and saw all the fresh green leaves and the beautiful blossoms on the fruit-trees; beyond this there were flowery meadows, and fields green with the early corn, and still more distant a pretty little village and some wooded hills.

Sophy knelt down, and thanked God again for having brought her into such a beautiful place and to live with so kind a lady.

Lady Linden behaved like a real and affectionate mother to Sophy, and Sophy grew very fond of her, and did everything to please her, and tried to do all she wished even before she was told, and often before the lady spoke,

Sophy had run to fetch her what she wanted. She was so modest, good, and amiable, that her foster-mother loved her better and better every day.

Lady Linden sent Sophy regularly to the village school, where she received a good education. Her religious instruction was carefully attended to by the worthy pastor of the village, who daily visited the school, and who was a very kind friend to children. was not only very diligent at school, but she practised at home the truths she learnt there. Out of school hours, Sophy helped in the kitchen and worked in the garden, as much as her strength would allow, to accustom her early to a useful and active life. When there was nothing else to do, the lady allowed her to bring her knitting or her little spinning-wheel into her room, and to sit and work and talk with her. The lady instructed her in all kinds of useful needlework, and in all the necessary duties of a good housekeeper. She dressed her sensibly, in a manner suitable to her work and to her station in life. Τt would only be a disadvantage to her, st

to give her smart clothes, and might lead others to think less well of her. Sophy always looked neat and simple in her peasant dress, and grew up to be a good and modest maiden.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GOOD FOSTER-DAUGHTER.

SOPHY had lived ten years in this happy way with Lady Linden, when this good lady fell ill.

Sophy nursed her with a child's tender love, and thought of everything which could minister in any way to her comfort. She spoke softly, and moved gently, so as not to disturb the sick lady, and Lady Linden liked her better as a nurse than any one else. This was a great happiness to Sophy. She often spent whole nights in the arm-chair, in the gloomy sickroom; and if she fell asleep, the least movement of the sick lady woke her, so careful and watchful was she.

Lady Linden knew how to value this tender childlike love, and blessed the hour when she had brought Sophy home to the castle.

One cold winter's night, the sick lady felt worse than usual, and asked for some tea, which she thought might revive her. Sophy went directly and made the tea in the kitchen. She brought it to the invalid, but she could not help trembling with the cold. Lady Linden drank the tea, and said, "You are very kind to me, my dear Sophy; a child of my own could not do more. God will reward you. I have not, my child, forgotten you in my will. I have left you a sum of money which will enable you some day to marry comfortably. You will receive it after my death; but your affection, dear Sophy, it is impossible to repay."

Sophy wept, and begged her not to talk in that way. But the noble lady said, "Do not weep, dear child. Death is not so fearful as you think: he is only a friend that delivers us from a prison, in which we groan in this life; he opens to us the gates of a brighter world. Without death, I cannot see Him in whom I have believed. Keep your heart pure, dear

Sophy. Walk in the ways of God. Love your Saviour with all your heart; for out of love to us He died upon the cross. Never do what is wrong, but always what is right, and then you will never fear death, but will rather rejoice to be released from all sorrow, and to be set free from all sin."

Lady Linden was silent for a time. She held in her hand a little wooden cross, which always lay on her table. It had belonged to her husband, and he had been accustomed to use it when at his devotions.

Lady Linden held it now from no feeling of superstition, but in simple remembrance of her husband, with whom now she hoped to be reunited, and of that blessed Saviour of whose agony and death it reminded her, and in whom she trusted to receive her into His kingdom.

"I shall soon see my Redeemer face to face," she said. "How inexpressible is that love which enabled Him to die for us on the cross!" Presently she said, "Dear Sophy, my Saviour has always been my best Friend. My great happiness has been thinking of His

words, His example, His love, and in prayer and communion with Him. There is no other salvation under heaven than by faith in Christ Jesus. When we trust in Him, He never fails to comfort us! And so, my good Sophy," continued Lady Linden, and her voice grew weaker, "His words are now my greatest comfort. He told His disciples, 'In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.' And I feel that there is a place for me. My Lord calls me, and I follow Him with joy."

She wished to speak again, but her weakness was too great, and she could only say, "Into Thy hands, I commend my spirit." These were her last audible words. She closed her eyes. Sophy awoke the servants, and they sent for the good pastor; he offered a prayer for the dying lady. She opened her eyes, and made a sign that she was conscious, and was praying with him. One more hour, and the good Lady Linden had breathed her last. Sophy mourned for her as she had for her own mother.

CHAPTER V.

THE INHERITANCE.

Lanv Linden had been greatly respected by the whole neighbourhood, and the poor had lost a kind benefactress in her death. Her funeral was attended by numbers of persons, and many tears were shed over her grave. Many of her relations were present, clothed in deep mourning.

After the funeral, the will was opened. Two thousand dollars were left to Sophy, the interest of which she was to begin to receive from that day; but the capital was to be kept for her marriage-portion. Besides this, she was to choose what she liked best, as a keepsake, of all the valuable things which had belonged to Lady Linden. Some of the lady's relations were very envious at this legacy of two thousand dollars and the keepsake, and there was much disputing in consequence, so that Sophy was quite perplexed, and knew not

what to choose. At last, the gentleman who opened the will, said,—

"Sophy is a poor orphan; I must do my duty, and take care of her. There are some things of great value, gold and precious stones. Lady Linden fully intended, and you have clearly seen that by the will, to leave Sophy something very valuable, which might be of use to her in the hour of need. It was wisely expressed in the will that Sophy should be allowed to examine the things, that she should not choose in a hurry. I will, therefore, give Sophy time to consider what she would like to have; she may also like to consult her friends on the subject, and then to-morrow she shall declare what she wishes for, and I shall see that she has it."

Upon this, all dispersed; but some murmured, and were very much displeased. The matter was much talked of, both in the village and in the castle. The servants were eager to advise Sophy what to choose. The cook recommended her to ask for the great diamond ring, or the pearl girdle; the old gardener said that the beautiful portrait of the Blessed Lad-

set in gold and diamonds, would be the most appropriate keepsake for Sophy; but the servants who belonged to the strangers now come to the castle, said they were sure their masters and mistresses would never allow Sophy to choose anything that was not fitting for a peasant girl to wear; for it could never have been the intention of the gracious lady to do such a thing.

When every one was assembled the next morning, the executor arranged in fine order all the precious effects upon a table covered with green cloth.

There were pins for the hair, and rings with precious stones for the ears, and gold chains, clasps, and all kinds of beautiful jewels,—the diamond cross, the pearl girdle, and the little portrait set in diamonds. Most of the heirs stood ready to dispute everything with poor Sophy, and some of the ladies tried to frighten her by their threatening looks; but Sophy said, very quietly,—

"It is not for me, gracious ladies, to choose a golden keepsake; the most triffing thing that belonged to the good lady would be very valuable to me. The dear blessed lady has left me a larger sum of money than I deserve; but, as I may choose, I beg to have the little wooden cross, which was in her hand when she died, and upon which her last tears fell. This would be to me the dearest keepsake, for it would remind me of her last words. And, if I can follow her good instructions, and attain to a faith like hers, which is beyond all earthly treasures in value, I can easily do without gold and precious stones: and then the dear lady's blessing will rest upon me."

The relatives of Lady Linden were greatly surprised at Sophy's request, and while they commended her for it, they laughed at her in their hearts. The cook said to her as she went out of the room, "You are a stupid thing not to choose something better. Did you not see how I kept secretly pointing to the ring and the pearl girdle? You might have had the old wooden cross besides: no one cared for that. You are very foolish."

The old gardener said,—"God bless you, dear child! You are a good and grateful little soul. You will receive more blessing with the

wooden cross, than with the gold and silver; and this choice will give you more comfort in the hour of need and in your last hour, than pearls and precious stones. Remember what I say."

Sophy put the little wooden cross carefully into her box, and treasured it beyond everything that she possessed. She was conscious that she had been influenced in her choice by a wish to preserve peace and not excite feelings of envy and jealousy among the relations of her kind benefactress; and this made her feel satisfied and happy. The covetous young ladies still found much to quarrel about in the distribution of the good Lady Linden's property; and thus the beautiful things which fell to their share were the cause of disappointment more than of pleasure.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

About a year before Lady Linden's death, the gardener's son, an honest, well-principled, and industrious youth, had made an offer of marriage to Sophy. As his mother was dead, he had spoken to his father on the subject, and the father perfectly approved his choice and had spoken to the kind lady about it. She was well aware of Sophy's feelings with regard to the young man, and said,—

"Your wish, my dear gardener, and that of your son, is also mine. You have brought up your son well, and have taught him to fear God from his childhood; and he has always behaved like a sensible and respectable youth. Far from disapproving of this marriage, it gives me great pleasure. But it is too soon for you, good father, to retire from my service. I should like your son, therefore, to go for a time under the gardener at the Duke of ——, where he will learn many improvements in his

business. Gardening is now brought to great perfection; and I should like him to understand his work thoroughly before he takes your place. If he and Sophy are of the same mind when he returns at the end of two years, and I am still alive, I will, with pleasure, act the part of foster-mother to Sophy on her marriage."

The father, and William, and Sophy, were all well pleased with this answer. Lady Linden provided the young man with a good supply of clothes and money for his journey, and sent a letter of recommendation with him to the head gardener at the Duke of ——'s palace.

At the good lady's death, as Sophy had no other home, she went to live with the old gardener, and to keep his house for him. William returned at the end of the two years, and he and Sophy sincerely grieved that the dear good lady could not be present at their wedding.

When the bride and bridegroom came out of church after the ceremony, they visited the grave of their revered benefactress, which the young gardener had richly adorned with flowers; and here, in the quiet country churchyard, they poured forth their gratitude for all her kindness in abundant tears.

William and Sophy lived together in quiet peace and happiness. They were good and religious, they loved each other heartily, and as they had both from childhood been taught to control their evil tempers and passions, there was no quarrelling and disputing-all was peace and harmony. They equally shared the care of their old father, who lived to see the birth of his grandson, and was delighted to hear him receive, at his baptism, the name of Frederick, in honour of his grandfather. He took great pleasure in nursing the little grandson on his knees, and in carrying him about. The second child, a girl, was named Theresa, in remembrance of the respected Lady Linden. The honest old grandfather did not live many years with his children and grandchilden: he died after a short illness. William and Sophy were greatly grieved at his death, and shed many tears over his grave.

Their lives were now not free from trouble. And whose is? A year after the old man's death, William fell from a tree, and broke his left arm; it was very badly set, and he never had the use of it again. This prevented him from doing his usual work in the garden, and the new lord gave him notice to quit his house at the end of three months. He allowed him a pension, in consideration of his father's services, but it was a very small one, also some flour and wood. William was very melancholy at the loss of his situation and house, especially as he felt that though he could not do any hard work in the garden, yet he could be very useful in superintending the other men, and directing the management of the forcing-houses, &c.

"How are we to live now," said he, anxiously; and how shall we support our children?"

Sophy tried in every way to comfort him. "Look," said she one day; "look at our canary-bird in that cage. It belonged, you know, to our dear lady. In her last illness she could not bear its loud singing, and she told me to take it into my room, but every day she asked me if I had remembered to feed the bird; and the very last day of her life she asked me to take care of the little canary

when she was dead. I was then very unhappy, and did not like to think about the affectionate lady's death, but I thought to myself, 'If this good lady provides so tenderly for a little bird. will not our Heavenly Father take care of us?' This thought often now comes into my head, and whenever I feed the little canary, I think, 'God will-give us and our dear children daily bread.' Be comforted, then, dear William. God can never forget us. We will trust in Him. He who has hitherto helped us, will not now forsake us; but we must strive earnestly ourselves. There is no lot in life so bad, that if a man trusts in God and will work, he may not improve his circumstances."

Then they consulted as to what was best to be done. They agreed to purchase a house in the village, and to set up a shop, which might be useful to the country-people, as there was nothing of the kind established in that village. "I shall be able to attend to the shop," said William; "my lame arm will not prevent this; and my knowledge of reading, writing, and accounts, will be very valuable to me. I

am very grateful to my poor father for having sent me to school."

"Well," said Sophy, "I hope by my saving, and the embroidery which the good Lady Linden taught me, that I shall be able to earn something."

They found a house in the village to suit them, and though it was rather out of condition, they bought it. This purchase, and the necessary repairs, together with stocking the shop, were heavy expenses, and there was the doctor's bill for William's arm besides, but they resolved to pay for all this out of the two thousand dollars left to Sophy, and which till this time they had left untouched.

The house in time assumed a very cheerful appearance, and the good William was much pleased with his little garden, which was soon filled with vegetables and beautiful flowers. Everything within the cottage was as simple as possible—table, bench, and stools of oak. Instead of a handsome clock, with gold ornaments and alabaster pillars, they had only a common wooden timepiece, but this went regularly, and that was all they wanted.

They had no mirror, but in its place was a shelf of good and useful books, out of which William read during the long winter evenings, while Sophy was spinning at her wheel. Instead of their former pictures, there was only a little sketch of William's father, to remind them of the virtues of the good old man.

Their shop prospered, owing to their honest trading and the good quality of the things tey sold. William and Sophy were now again happy and comfortable, and had got over all the troubles and difficulties which had come upon them in consequence of William's fall and the loss of his situation. They could not feel sufficiently grateful to God for having so blessed them and their two children. They had no wish to go back to the castle, which they could see from their window. They enjoyed peace and contentment; they were happy in their children, and with a thriving business, their little house and garden was like a paradise to them.

CHAPTER VII.

PRAYER IN THE HOUR OF TROUBLE.

HAPPINESS seldom lasts long in this world: sorrow and joy comes by turns. William and Sophy soon again experienced this.

Sophy's legacy had been intrusted to a merchant in the city of S-, and at the time they wanted to purchase the house, William asked for half the capital; but the merchant said that he was entitled to a year's notice, and that he should not give them a copper coin of it under that time. William and Sophy's troubles were greatly increased by this conduct of the merchant, but a rich builder offered to lend them the sum they required, and to be repaid at the end of the year, with fair interest. This offer they gratefully accepted, but before the year was ended there was a report in the village that this merchant had failed. The builder who had lent William and Sophy the money was not a kind man, and as soon as he found that the merchant had really failed.

and Sophy's capital was gone for ever, he demanded to be repaid his thousand dollars instantly. William and Sophy offered their house and garden and shop as security for their payment; but the builder was inexorable, and even reproached them with insulting words, as if the loss of their property was through their own fault. He told them that if they did not bring him the money on the appointed day, he would sell everything belonging to them, even their beds; and he struck the table angrily as he said this.

This unfeeling conduct brought sorrowful days upon poor William and Sophy. It was only three weeks before the dreaded day, and they had no means of raising the money. Still they would not despair; they trusted in God, that He would yet be their helper, and they did not cease to pray to Him.

The evening before the day on which they were required to pay the money, Sophy went into a little room at the top of the house, where she might weep and pray unseen by every one. She took up the little wooden cross, which reminded her of the comfort which her

benefactress had sought for in her troubles, and of her faith and patience. She knelt down, and began to pray in these words.

"Oh, blessed Saviour! Thou seest that I am in great sorrow; it is not for myself, but for my poor husband and children, that I grieve: My heart is ready to break when I think of them. Oh, Thou blessed Saviour! who, in Thine agony didst pray to Thy Heavenly Father for Thine own people, have pity upon me, and hear me when I say unto Thee—Father, if it be possible, take this cup from me; but Thy will; not mine, be done."

She was silent, and burst into tears, which fell upon the little cross in her hands. But a load seemed taken from her heart, and, comforted by her trust in God, she arose from her knees. As she was going to put the little cross in its place, she noticed upon the back of it a little loose bit of wood, which fell to the ground as she touched it. The little cross had been once broken, and glued together; but Sophy's tears, and the warmth of her hands, in her distress of mind, had melted the glue. She was vexed to have broken the cross, and took

it to the window to try and mend it. As she held it up, a brilliant ray of light from within it quite dazzled her. She was frightened, but on examining the cross more closely, she found it was hollow, and contained something shining. One bit of the wood was made to draw out, but it was not easy to discover this, it was so neatly contrived. She drew it out, and found the wooden cross was lined with red velvet, and contained a diamond cross set in gold. She took it out and examined it. It sparkled in the evening sun so that it quite dazzled her eyes. Sophy had often seen her dear lady's diamonds, and she knew, therefore, that these were real diamonds.

She fell upon her knees, and thanked God, who had so mercifully and wonderfully answered her prayer.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOY AFTER SORROW.

WHILST Sophy was praying in her little room, William was sitting downstairs, very sad at the thoughts of what was to befall them. His despair made him so hot, that he opened the window to refresh him, and his tears, which he restrained before poor Sophy, now fell fast as he offered up his silent prayer.

The children were at play in the room; but when little Frederick saw that his father was crying, he sprung up to him, upsetting his little carriage in his haste, and asked tenderly, "Why do you cry, father?"

"Dear Freddy," said his father, "you know that our neighbour Kaspar is going to drive us out of our house, and to sell all and everything that we possess. You heard how angrily he spoke, and how ill he behaved to us. He is going to make us all beggars. You must help me to pray to God that He may deliver us out of this trouble."

Little Freddy began to cry bitterly, clasped his little hands together, and looking devoutly towards heaven, said,—

"Dear Father in Heaven, do not let the wicked Kaspar take away our house from us, I beseech Thee."

When little Theresa heard this prayer, and saw her brother weeping and her father's eyes wet with tears, she began to scream and cry. Her father took her on his knees to comfort her, but the little girl wrung her little hands half frightened, and exclaiming, "Dear Lord, help us—help us."

The father had laid an apple with his garden-knife upon the window-seat, intending to give it to the children; and when the child began to cry, he gave the apple to her, which soon pacified her; and Freddy said, kindly, "Only be quiet, dear Theresa, and you may have the whole apple; you must not cry; God will help us."

Just at this moment the mother entered with the wooden cross in her hand, and exclaimed, joyfully, "Come and see how God has helped us; come and let us thank Him." She she her husband the diamond cross within the wooden one, and told him how she had just discovered it. William looked at the sparkling stones, and returned thanks to God, saying,—
"The cross is very valuable. We can now pay our debts, and our children need not be beggars."

Little Freddy could not understand what was said, and begged his mother to let him see the cross nearer. She pointed out the diamond cross, and told him those sparkling stones were worth more than a thousand dollars.

William could not recover his surprise, and said, with tears of joy in his eyes—

"You cannot understand, my dear children, what a great blessing God has sent us. I shall be able now to pay the builder with the money I shall get for this diamond cross; and we shall stay in our house, and keep our garden, and everything that we have."

"Yes," said Freddy, "then God has given us what we asked for. How good the great God is to us!"

"He is, indeed," said his father; "and we wil thank Him for all his mercics."

They all knelt down together, and returned thanks to God for their deliverance in the hour of need.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BLESSING OF SORROW.

At break of day on the following morning, Sophy went into the city of S—, to speak with the venerable pastor whom she had confided in when a child. He was now an old man with snow-white hair. Sophy had wished to consult him before in her trouble, but he had then gone into a distant part of the country; he was now fortunately returned. She showed him the cross, and told him all the story, and she then said,—

"How right you were when you said to me, twenty years ago, 'In all your troubles, pray to God with childlike confidence, and He will be your sure helper.' See now the fulfilment of your words."

The old man looked pleased, and said, "Yes, God is our sure helper: no one goes to

Him in vain, though our prayers do not always receive the speedy answer that yours have. From your childhood up to this hour, God has watched over you as a father: be faithful to Him to the end of your life; believe stedfastly in his beloved Son, our Lord and Saviour; do God's holy will; trust in Him, cast all your care upon Him, and bring up your children in the same faith, and He will never forsake you in this world, and finally will receive you into His blessed kingdom."

"But," said Sophy, "may I consider this valuable cross as my property?"

The good pastor answered,-

"The cross is yours. Perhaps the good Lady Linden herself did not know what a treasure this old family heirloom contained. Probably it belonged to her husband's uncle, who held a high place in the church. However that may be, Lady Linden expressed in her will the wish that you should have the most valuable of all her things. From a love of peace, you chose the simplest and the least esteemed by others; but God has blessed your choice, and by the guidance of His almighty hand, He has suf-

fered the good lady's wish to be granted. The diamonds on this cross are very fine, and it is altogether worth more than three thousand dollars. Sell it, and bless God for the help He has sent you in your hour of need, and enjoy your fortune. Always preserve the wooden cross; leave it to your children and grandchildren, as a remembrance of your kind benefactress, and still more, of the great goodness of God."

The good old man replaced the diamond cross in its wooden case, and closed it, saying, "Who would suppose what rich treasures this poor cross contains? But so it is with all our sorrows in this world, which we Christians call our cross. Every sorrow may be compared to this wooden cross; externally it is but a poor despised bit of wood, but within there is a great treasure far more valuable than gold or silver. For sorrow and p in bring us nearer to God; by them, we learn the vanity of earthly things: they purify us from weakness and imperfection, while they teach us to trust in God, and to exercise the virtues of patience and humility; and these are the graces which

fit and prepare us for heavenly joy. Therefore rejoice when sorrows are sent thee, for the hour will come sooner or later, which will reveal to thee their true value: and if you cannot always realize this while on earth, yet you will hereafter in heaven, when you realize the immeasurable goodness of God, who has made us rich throughout eternity, and who has prepared a kingdom for His children, where they shall enjoy life everlasting, when life and all its splendour, its gold and precious stones, are turned into dust and ashes."

The venerable pastor had a friend in the town, who was a jeweller, and a very honest man; he sent to ask him to call at his house. The jeweller carried on a great business, and was well acquainted with the value and nature of precious stones. He came directly, examined the diamond cross, and said he would give three thousand dollars for it, one thousand dollars on the spot, and the rest within a certain time. The arrangement was soon made. Sophy joyfully took the money. She made no secret of the event, the news of which soon filled the city of S——.

Before Sophy returned home with the money, she visited the little chapel in the cathedral, in which more than twenty years ago her childish prayer had been so wonderfully answered, as now the prayer of her riper years had been again so lately in her own little room. Here again in this same chapel, she now heartily thanked God her Father, who never forsakes His children who trust in Him, and endeavour to serve Him.

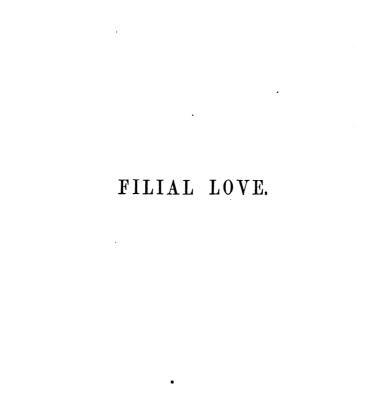
When the news of the diamond cross reached the ears of Lady Linden's relations, they agreed together to accuse Sophy before a magistrate, for, said they, "It is madness to give such a beggar as Sophy a diamond cross, worth three thousand dollars. We ought to have it."

Then the old Lord Hagen appeared, and asked what they were talking about. When he heard, he struck the ground repeatedly with his crutch, and said very decidedly, "Stay at home with your complaints, and be thankful if you hear no more of this matter; if envy has not made you deaf to reason, listen to what I now say to you. If at the distribution

of the property you had known what a treasure the despised wooden cross contained, still if the good Sophy had chosen it, you covetous people could have made no opposition to the power of Lady Linden's will, therefore be satisfied now. You do not deserve that it should fall to your share, for your want of right feeling, your disrespect to the Lady Linden, and your unkindness to the poor orphan, make you most unworthy of it. You have always laughed at Sophy's choice; you are now punished for it, and the laugh will be against you. Take my advice, and keep your complaints to yourselves, or it may be the worse for you."

Angry as these envious ladies were, they felt that the Lord Hagen was right, and they were obliged to be silent.





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FILIAL LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

A GREEK FAMILY.

About thirty years ago, on the southern coast of the island of Candia, there stood a very pretty house upon a gently-rising hill. Its verandah, richly covered with ivy and vine, made it very picturesque. It was surrounded by little hills; on one side was a blue lake, and towards the north the range of the Sphakiotlischen Mountains, the highest of which, the great Psiloriti, the Ida of the ancient Greeks, raised his ice-crowned head, like the king of the mountains, far above the clouds.

This house belonged to a Greek called

Messaros, who lived here with his wife Helena, and their child Philip, a pretty intelligent boy, who was about six years of age at the time our story begins. Close to the house were wellarranged gardens, citron and orange groves, and olive-gardens and vineyards, and refreshing fountains. Besides all this, Messaros possessed some more distant plantations of tobacco and cotton; he was therefore rich. The principal use he made of his money was to relieve the poorer inhabitants of Candia, who were grievously oppressed by their Turkish governors, who treated them as slaves, robbing them of the fruits of their industry, whilst the poor Greek looked on with silent indignation: he had to bear something even harder than the destruction of his crops; he had to hear the Turks mock at and despise what he considered most sacred and precious—his faith. It was at such at such a moment as this that the eyes of the oppressed Messaros would sparkle with the desire for revenge, and his hand would seek for the dagger in his girdle, but a glance at his wife and child checked the rising feeling. for how would revenge help him? It would only bring down upon him the most horrible and cruel of punishments.

It was common amongst the Turks to destroy the houses of those poor Greeks who had revenged themselves, to lay waste their fields, to imprison the fathers, make the mothers slaves, and break the heads of the poor little innocent children.

Messaros was one of the few Greeks who had not been quite ruined by this oppressive Turkish government. He had secured the protection of the mighty Pasha by rich presents, and had patiently borne the insults he had received.

But at length the hour came which seemed to offer freedom to these sufferers from the dreaded Turkish yoke. The call to arms sounded throughout Greece, and all the brave Christian inhabitants of Candia joined in the general insurrection and prepared to fight for their liberty and faith. Messaros headed a little band of brave men, and for weeks his wife Helena heard no tidings of her absent husband, and her only comfort was in praying for his safety.

One evening, about sunset, little Philip was playing in the verandah, and his mother was sitting near him lost in sad thoughts and gazing at the blue sea. The father's brave heart already beat within the boy, and he amused himself by arranging his little wooden and metal soldiers (his pretended Greeks and Turks) in order of battle before him, and firing little shot in between them. The Turks were soon thrown down, but the Greeks, though much fewer in number, still kept their ground.

"Look there, mother," cried the boy, with sparkling eyes: "look there, mother; my Greeks have won, and have cut off the enemies' heads; father will do the same, will he not, mother?"

"God grant him the victory, dear child," said the mother, smiling sadly. "It is long since we heard of him, and then the news was not good. The numbers are so unequal."

"What does that matter," answered the brave boy. "You have often told me that God will give the victory to the just cause; so do not grieve, mother; all the Turks will be driven away, and Ali will not come any more and take away my best playthings and my little horse."

. "What Ali, my child?" asked his mother.

"Ali Rudschuck, son of the Capudan Pasha," answered the little boy. "Do you not remember when he came here a few years ago with his father, what an ill-natured wild boy he was, and how he took away everything of mine? But he might have had everything, if he had only left me my little horse. But when I am a man, I will take my sword and fight him in the field and get back all my things, that is what I will do."

"Silly boy," said his mother, as she smoothed the glossy black curls of her child, "when you are grown up, your little horse will have been long dead, and you will have ceased to care about him. But if your father returns victorious, you shall have a far more beautiful horse."

"Do let it be a white one, dear mother," cried the excited boy, clapping his hands. "I have always wished for a white one. The

pasha rides a white horse, and then I shall be as proud as he is!"

"Yes, my child," answered his mother, as she turned her eyes, which had been thoughtfully fixed on the sea to the distant mountains. "Hark, Philip, do you hear nothing? it sounds as if there was a disturbance in the mountains."

"Yes, mother," said the boy, forgetting his horse. "Yes, I hear it; they are firing! it is a battle!"

"How dreadful!" exclaimed his mother, "and so near us." A sudden paleness overspread her beautiful face as she said, "Philip, if it should be your father who is firing there!—but no, it cannot be."

"Why not, mother?" asked the boy; "if it was my father, you know he would be fighting bravely."

"I am not afraid of that," said his mother.

"If the enemy is so near, all must be lost; the Turks must have won, and our people have been crushed. O God preserve us from our dreadful fate. Pray, child, that the Lord will give your father the victory. Kneel down, my child."

"I would rather fight with my father," said the child. "I wish I was bigger and stronger, and then I would go to battle with him. Hark, mother, at the firing!"

"Be quiet, my child, and listen, for we may be wrong: it may only be a storm that echoes through Psiloriti. Courage, child."

Little Philip shook his head, stepped out of the colonnade, and gazed intently at the distant mountains, and listened attentively to every sound.

"No, mother," said he, "that is not thunder; but why are you sad? if there are Turks there, are not my father and his friends also there? and do not the Greeks shoot better than the Turks? They will soon take to flight, you will see; look there, how the smoke curls up! look, mother!"

"Yes," replied the trembling mother; "fetch the telescope, my child, and then we shall see if it is smoke or mist. Make haste, child."

They looked anxiously through the telescope, and there was no longer any doubt. Greeks and Turks were engaged in a hot conflict, and thronged the valleys and cliffs, and rocks and woods. Helena even distinguished figures, and smoke from the muskets, and falling on her knees she exclaimed, "O God have mercy upon the Greeks and my husband," and little Philip knelt beside her and prayed also. After some time the firing decreased, and when the sun set, it had quite ceased, with the exception of now and then a solitary gun.

Night came on, and darkness covered the woods and mountains until they were faintly lit up by the crescent moon.

"All is over," cried little Philip, and he threw his arms round his dearly-loved mother; "do not be unhappy, our friends must have beaten the Turks, and my father is pursuing them."

"Heaven grant that it is so," said Helena, sighing, "but I cannot believe it; but whatever happens, we must be patient, and bend submissively to the will of the Lord. May He only spare you, my poor child! you are so young and tender, God will have mercy upon you." Her voice died away into sobs, and she pressed her child closer to her; and so they sat together in fearful expectation of the end of the battle. But they did not wait long. The decisive

moment was near, which would bring with it misery greater than even the heart of the poor mother had imagined.

CHAPTER II.

THE SURPRISE.

It was growing dark, when a little band of Greek warriors in hasty flight sought out a deep mountain ravine, where the thick woods might conceal them from the sharp firing of the Turks, who closely pursued them, shouting the name of "Allah!" They halted from time to time to return the Turkish fire with a volley of deadly shot from their long and beautiful guns. By the time the Greeks had reached the thick wood. the cry of "Allah!" had ceased, and the leader of the Greeks exclaimed, "They are going, and we are saved: we have lost the battle, but life and liberty are ours; the game is over, my friends,-numbers have crushed us, treachery has destroyed us. Our sun is setting! we can expect nothing now in Candia; but do not

despair. God will not forsake the just cause. In other places we have brethren sighing for Christianity and for freedom from the Turkish yoke; go then to them,—go to the Morea; we must part, but we shall meet again. Disperse now for safety. Farewell, we shall meet in the Morea; our brethren will lend us their ships."

"Do not forsake us, brave Messaros," exclaimed the little band, pressing around their leader, and embracing him; "we will be faithful to you, and we would rather die with you than separate."

"No, Gregory; no, Alexander; no, my brothers; you shall go and fight where you may succeed better than here," replied Messaros: "I entreat you to follow my advice; if you must die, die for our holy faith and our liberty. I will only save my wife and child, and then follow you to the Morea. Go; we want brave men to break the Turkish yoke, and to defend our faith. I must be obeyed."

The little band shook their leader's hand, and dispersed in the wood. Leaning on his gun, Messaros watched them until they were out of sight, then he smiled bitterly, and said, "It is

too late: Candia is not to be saved: I must escape with my wife and child. It is the will of God, and we must submit. He will give us the victory perhaps on another field. We have nothing now but trust in God,—this is our greatest treasure, and His most precious gift." He threw his gun over his shoulder, and turned towards his house, and for the first time perceived how weak he was. His pale face was blackened by powder, blood flowed from a wound on his forehead, and stained his handsome dress. But he did not stop to bind his wound, for his thoughts were with his wife and child. He knew how infuriated the Turks would be now that they were victorious, and he expected no mercy from them. The road was so familiar to him, that he did not need even the moonlight to find it. All was still, save the night-wind rustling in the leaves, and the splashing of the little brook. "They are asleep," said Messaros; "they are weary with fighting, and I shall be in time; the cave on the shore will be a safe retreat, and a ship will soon take us to the Morea. No time must be lost." . It was midnight before he reached his house;

he had only strength to knock and to call in a low voice, "Helena, open the door: danger is near,—we must escape."

A faint cry was heard from within, the door opened, and the next moment Helena was in her husband's arms,

"Messaros, you are wounded!" she exclaimed.
"Yes," replied Messaros, "I am wounded, and a fugitive. We are defeated—the Turks are at our heels. Make haste, my wife; collect your jewels, awaken Philip, and follow me.

Do not lose a moment, for ruin is near."

Helena, almost stunned, listened to these words. Her worst fears, then, were confirmed: everything was lost, there was no hope but in flight. She trembled, but controlled her grief and prepared for flight, for to some minds even misfortune is easier to bear than uncertainty. "Everything shall be done, as you desire, Messaros," she said in a firm voice; "but you must rest a few minutes and eat something. I will

"No," replied Messaros, "we must fly: if my strength fails, you must save yourself with the boy; and as for me, God's will be done! Make

bring you some wine and bread."

haste, the enemy may be close: hide yourselves in the muscle-cave on the shore; there you will be safe, and a ship will take you away. Fly, I command you."

"No, not without you, Messaros," replied his wife. "My place is by your side in sorrow and in joy; but do not fear, the enemy is not very near, and we shall be saved together."

Messaros made no reply, but fainted upon a divan in the hall. The tofaika fell from his hands.

Helena cast a look of pity on her husband, removed his hair from his face, and kissed his forehead. "God preserve you and all of us!" sighed she, and hastened for some refreshments and bandages for his wound. Her efforts succeeded in restoring Messaros; he stood up, looked wildly around him, and said, faintly, "You still here! fly, Helena—I can now follow you: fetch the boy, and let us go."

Helena flew to the upper story of the house, awoke the boy, who was fast asleep, and told him what had happened. The news of his father's return cheered his little heart. Whilst his mother collected her jewels, he sprang

downstairs, and threw himself into his father's arms, who with a sad but loving smile pressed him to his heart.

As soon as Helena joined them, Messaros again urged their departure. He had only walked a few steps, when his strength failed. "Fly, I entreat you," he said, "and leave me to my fate. I shall die content if I know you are safe." Helena made no reply, but put her arms round her husband, and almost carried him. "Lean upon me, Messaros," she said, "I am strong enough. The cave is not far off, but if we do not reach it, we will die together. No one shall say the wife of Messaros cowardly deserted her husband in his hour of need. We will never part."

"Never, never, father," cried little Philip.
"I would rather be killed by the Turks than move from your side."

Messaros was obliged to yield, and tried to walk a little further. The fugitives were near the garden, when suddenly a wild cry sounded from the gate, and at the same time a thundering noise against it was heard.

Messaros with his wife and child stood

motionless with horror. The next moment, the garden-door gave away, and a small band of Turks rushed in with wild cries.

"It is too late," sighed Messaros, with a bursting heart. "We are all lost. Oh, God, protect the mother and child. Fly, Helena, into the thicket. You will be hid there for a moment, for the night is dark. Leave me: if you have only the boy, you may escape. Philip, go and take care of your mother."

"No," replied the child, "I will not move one step from your side, father."

Helena embraced her poor husband, and taking him in her arms, carried him to the nearest thicket. Philip followed, and they glided like shadows over the soft turf, unperceived by the Turks, who, with furious cries, burst into the forsaken house, destroyed everything that they could not carry away with them, and then set fire to that home, which had been the abode of so much happiness.

The flames burst forth from the roof, and lit up the country round, and by its light the Turks perceived the unhappy fugitives, and with a frantic cry of triumph they made

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known their discovery. In vain did Messaros again entreat his wife and child to save themselves, but they would not forsake him. The Turks soon overtook them, struck the poor father to the ground, as he extended his arms around his wife and child, and then led them all three back to the house, to wait the decision of their fate. It was this—"They were to be sold as slaves in the market at Kanea."

CHAPTER III.

THE SEPARATION.

THE slave-market at Kanea was celebrated for the fine Greeks who were sold there; and purchasers came from all parts of Turkey to examine these poor Christians, as they would beasts in a market. Here it was that the unhappy family of Messaros awaited their fate in grief and silence, for they had little to hope. They had but one wish—they prayed fervently that God would not suffer them to be separated, and if this prayer was heard, they thought

they could bear everything else. It was very heartrending to see this little group, their hands clasped together, awaiting their fate in agony.

The merchants looked at this poor family with indifference, and many despised the pale and wounded Messaros. He was grateful to the weakness which delayed the dreaded moment of separation, but it came at last. One merchant gazed some time at the wounded man and his wife, then he examined their arms and legs, and hearing the price that was asked for them, laughed contemptuously. "Why, the knave is not worth half so much," said he. "Sick, feeble, and wounded, he may die in a fortnight; it is a risk to buy him."

"Pooh!" said the slave-dealer; "he is still in the bloom of life, and with care he will soon recover; his limbs are strong, his muscles like iron, his bones like steel, and his chest is arched like a shield; in one fortnight he will be worth double what I now ask for him. Buy the slave, there is not a better in the market."

The Turk shook his head contemptuously, and turned away, but the dealer held him by the arm. "Take the whole family, Aga; you

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may have them for a bargain. The woman is strong and healthy, and will work well in the house or garden. You will not repent the bargain; only fifty piastres for the man, woman, and child!" The Turk hesitated, cast a searching look at poor Messaros and the unhappy Helena, but did not appear to see poor little Philip, who clung weeping to his mother, and hiding his face in her dress. "Well," said the Turk, "five-and-twenty piastres, and I will have the man and woman, but not the boy,—he will be no use to me; off with him!" With deathlike agony, and trembling in every limb, poor Helena awaited the slave-dealer's answer. and pressed her beloved child to her breast with a look of tenderness that might have touched the heart of a tiger. Messaros knelt by his wife, and clasped her and their child in his arms, as if he would never part with them; his face was pale, his breathing oppressed; it seemed as if his life depended on the words of the slave-dealer.

But the hardhearted Turk cared nothing for the mother's grief, or the father's misery. He saw their despair, but felt no pity. He cared not if their hearts were broken, so that he could extort a piastre or two more from the merchant. "No," said he, "you may have the three slaves for fifty piastres; not a para less. They are worth double, and if you do not buy them, some one else will."

"But what shall I do with the child?" said the merchant, angrily. "For the last time I say forty piastres without the boy."

"Have mercy on us!" exclaimed the unhappy mother, "you are rich; oh! give but ten piastres more and buy our boy with us! do not separate us! do not break our hearts! Oh! sir, it will not hurt you to give ten piastres more! We will work doubly hard for you, if you will show mercy to our child. Gratitude will increase our strength. Have mercy upon a sorrowful father and mother, and a helpless child! Where shall we find mercy if not with you?"

The cruel merchant cast a dark threatening look at the poor mother, and turned coldly away, without condescending to answer her. "Make up your mind quickly," said he to the slave-dealer, "forty piastres for the parents, and not a para more?"

Messaros got up, and before the slave-dealer could answer, he threw himself at the feet of the cruel merchant; "Have pity, master, on an unhappy family," stammered he in accents of the deepest grief, "what are ten piastres for you, and with them you could purchase for us the greatest happiness. Look at my limbs, you will soon see them become strong again, and I will be the most faithful and industrious of seryants; only have pity upon us and our child,do not separate us, and I will work till the skin is off my hands, and my fingers bleed,—but do not separate my boy from us; whatever he costs you, we will repay you by our work; and when he is old enough, he will be a strong and faithful slave to you. We will teach him gratitude and love to his benefactor, and we will pray that the Lord of the world may bless you,-only show mercy to the unhappy!"

Poor Messaros received no answer but a kick from the Turk. It threw him down; but the Turk again asked the slave-dealer, "for the last time, I now offer you forty piastres; make haste, I cannot delay."

Before the slave-dealer could reply, Messaros

was again at the feet of the cruel Turk. "Hear me! hear me!" he cried, full of grief and despair, "if you buy us without our boy, the curse of God will rest upon you, and ruin will overtake you; his parents will die of grief, and you will have spent your money in vain."

"Dog of a Christian," roared the Turk— "speak again, and I will knock you down. Hunger and the whip will soon drive your sorrow away! And you, man, will you or will you not?"

"But what am I to do with the child?" asked the slave-dealer.

"Throw it into the sea or kill it," replied the Turk; "what do I care about the child? Make up your mind, or I will seek elsewhere for what I want. There are plenty of slaves here to be had."

"Take the two, then," said the slave-dealer, for he saw that the merchant had made up his mind; "take them away, and whoever likes may have the little dog."

A cry of horror sounded through the market when the slave-dealer's cruel answer was heard: it came from the poor mother, who clasped her darling child to her heart and fainted away. Messaros knelt beside her in an agony of grief, shedding bitter tears on her death-like face. Poor Philip sobbed aloud, and wrung his little hands in despair.

"Now is the time," whispered the Turk to the slave-dealer, "get rid of the boy before the mother is conscious. If she recovers, and the young dog is here, we shall have a disturbance, which will collect all the people in the market around us; away with him quickly, or, by Allah! I will make you; the trade is nearly done for."

The threat, accompanied by a fierce look, frightened the slave-dealer. He took the opportunity whilst Messaros was attending to his poor wife of throwing the screaming child up into the air, and when he fell down into the crowd, and the mother had recovered her consciousness and asked for him, it was in vain. In agony she exclaimed, "Philip! Philip!" but the boy did not hear her, at any rate there was no answer to her despairing cry. Messaros tried to find his child in the crowd, but a blow from the slave-dealer threw him to the ground. His new master beckoned to some servants, and

commanded them to chain the new slaves. They laid heavy chains upon Messaros and his wife. and in silent grief they followed the servant, who led them out of the market. They did not see their beloved child again. Pale and tearless they walked through the unsympathizing mocking crowd; but grief for the loss of their little Philip was so great, that every other trouble seemed light; indeed their hearts were quite broken. When they were close to the harbour, a stranger stepped up to Helena, seized her hand and said, "Hope, my poor woman; God has shown mercy to your child, and you shall at least have this comfort in your misery. Your boy shall be my child, and I will love him like a father. Be comforted, and have patience. God will not forsake you, and you will again meet him whom you love best in the Helena looked up in the midst of her grief, and saw a friendly compassionate face. A faint smile lit up her soft pale features; she would have spoken to the man who had given her such blessed hope, but the slaves hurried her away, and the stranger only caught the words, " I thank Thee, O merciful God!"

A ship ready to sail took them on board; in a few hours they were far away from their island home and from their child; their hearts were full of anxious thoughts for him, and they shed many bitter tears. Messaros tried to comfort his poor wife, but her only trust was in God, and in the hope that her child might have a better fate than that of his poor parents.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PASHA'S SON.

THE man who had taken up little Philip when he was thrown into the crowd by the cruel slave-dealer, was called Michael Santos. He was poor, and lived by himself in a small cottage in a distant part of Kanea. He maintained himself by giving lessons in writing, arithmetic, and reading, to the children of rich Turks; they paid him very small sums for his honest services, and therefore it was a great sacrifice to him to take the charge of Philip.

But his heart was as rich in Christian charity as he was poor in worldly goods.

When he was at the slave-market, where he had been accidentally led, and saw how cruelly Philip and his parents were treated, his heart swelled with compassion, and for the first time he wished that he was rich enough to purchase the unhappy family to give them their liberty. The grief of the parents echoed through his heart; and when little Philip flew like a ball into the air, he stretched out his arms to receive him, and pressing him to his heart, whispered kindly,-" Be comforted, dear child, God has sent me here to-day to find you; I will be your father, and my home shall be yours." Then he carried the poor boy to his little cottage, trying to soothe his grief with kind words as he went. He gave him in charge to a kind neighbour, and returned to the market to discover the fate of the parents. Messaros and his wife were by this time sold; and hearing that they were gone towards the harbour, he followed them as quickly as he could, and was just in time to whisper the few words of hope to the despairing mot'

as we have related. He afterwards inquired the name of their master, and found that he was Mustapha Kodosi, a merchant of Bagdad. This name he was careful to remember, hoping that the knowledge of it might some day be of use to the little orphan.

Sad at heart he returned to his cottage, and comforted poor little Philip. At last the child fell asleep in his arms, and then he whispered these words to him,—"Sleep sweetly, dear boy; you will soon forget your sorrow, and with God's blessing, you will be happier, poor little fellow! You have early in life met with grief: may God give you strength to bear it. I will do all I can, that you may not miss a father's love." Then, with a mother's gentleness, he laid the sleeping boy on his bed, and bending over him, offered up a fervent prayer that God would protect and bless him.

Poor Philip could not easily forget the cruel treatment that his parents had received, though the good Michael Santos did all in his power to make him do so. Time, however, softened his grief; his pale cheeks grew rosy, and his dull eye sparkled, and his foster-father's loving

words at last touched his heart. Philip soon found playfellows among the neighbours' children, and Michael rejoiced to see him happy. He never repented having brought him to his cottage; for Philip repaid the old man's kindness with affection and gratitude. He was diligent and obedient; and Michael Santos blessed the hour when the boy first crossed his threshold. They had very little more than the mere necessaries of life. Good old Michael had to work hard for their support; but they were contented and happy.

When Philip was fourteen, and had been publicly confirmed in the Christian faith, he assisted his fosterfather in teaching the scholars. This was his morning work; in the afternoon, he climbed the mountains, and wandered about the shore collecting shells, or searching for rare plants in the woods, which he sold to the merchants.

Philip often assisted the sailors to lade and unlade their ships, and his services were preferred to those of any other porter, and better paid. Philip kept his secret from Michael; he did not spend the money he earned. His dress

was poor but neat. He had no taste for glittering weapons or gay ornaments, like his young companions. What then did he do with his money? for he had saved altogether a tolerable sum.

When Philip was seventeen years old, there was not a finer youth in all Candia. All who knew him loved him. He was gentle, kind, and friendly to every one, and Michael had nothing to complain of except the sad expression which never left his noble features.

Michael sometimes found him in great grief, with tears in his eyes; but he would give no explanation, and said that he had nothing to complain of.

One day, when Philip was climbing the mountains, he heard, afar in the woods, a shrill cry for help. Naturally bold and fearless, he hastened to the spot from whence it seemed to come, and being quite unarmed, he took up a large stick and rushed with it into the thicket. There he heard the clashing of swords and firing of shots, and felt sure that some deed of violence was being done,—no uncommon event in those days!

Philip saw three wild banditti-looking men in the wood, and a richly-dressed youth with his back against a tree, defending himself from their violence. His was the cry for help, for he was fighting bravely for his life, one against three. By his side lay an apparently lifeless man, with a fearful wound in his forehead. might have been the youth's servant; for near the spot where they were fighting, two gailybridled horses were tied to a tree, and evidently belonged to the youth. Philip understood directly how things were. Regardless of danger, he placed himself by the side of the youth, and with a blow from his thick club, he struck the fiercest of the robbers to the ground. "Courage!" said he to the youth, who seemed about his own age; "courage! we will be a match for the villains."

The youth uttered a cry of pleasure, and, emboldened by his brave companion, he rushed on; and the next moment Philip struck the second robber to the ground, and the third took to flight.

The youths did not pursue him. The rescued youth threw himself upon Philip and

embraced him, saying, "My friend and brother, you have saved my life, and by Allah and my father's beard, I will never forget you. We will prove our gratitude to you."

"What," replied Philip, laughing, "do I need a reward for doing my duty? You would have done the same. But, instead of talking about it, let us look after the wounded man."

"Yes, my poor Hassan," said the young man, kneeling beside his wounded attendant, "he is killed!"

"Stay," replied Philip, "it is a bad blow, but it may not be fatal. Let us see what can be done."

They soon discovered that Hassan was not mortally wounded. He opened his eyes, and said, faintly, "Allah be praised; now I die content."

"No, no, good Hassan," replied his master; "you shall have some refreshment, and then you will be strong enough to remount your horse and follow me."

Hassan looked up timidly, and said, "Where are the robbers, master?"

"Two lie dead at the foot of the sycamore,

and the third has fled," replied Hassan's master. "Do not be afraid, they will not return; this is the friend who lent me his strong arm."

"Allah be praised!" replied Hassan. "Your father will rejoice to find you have escaped unhurt. The danger was dreadful; and who is the young man who has saved the life of the Pasha's son?"

Philip started. "The Pasha's son!" he exclaimed: "I am your slave,—a poor Greek orphan, who was brought up by a good honest man. My name is Philip Messaros."

"You are a Greek, then, and a Christian," said the noble youth. "But never mind, you are good and brave, and we will be friends; give me your hand, Philip, and be my brother."

"My lord," replied Philip, crossing his hands over his breast, according to the Eastern custom. "My lord, it does not become me, your——"

"Nothing more about my lord, and it becomes," replied the youth, quickly; "call me Achmet and brother. You have risked your life for me, and I can offer you nothing less than my friendship. Come with me to my father. He loves me, and will welcome his son's deliverer. Get up, Hassan! Are you strong enough to keep on your horse?"

"Yes, my lord," replied Hassan; "the blow stunned more than injured me."

"Well then, we will not delay," said Achmet, and fetched the horses. Hassan was lifted into his saddle, and Achmet wished Philip to mount the other, but he hesitated, and declared he did not know how to ride, and that he would lead Hassan's horse, because he had no strength to hold the bridle. Achmet was obliged to yield, and rode by the side of Philip, who carefully led Hassan's horse by the best road. "Where shall I lead you?" asked he. "Your father's palace is on the sea-coast."

"Yes," replied Achmet; "but we have been some days at Kanea. I wonder you did not know that."

"I know very little of what happens," answered Philip. "My fosterfather is poor, and we have very little time to go to the

market and hear the news. But tell me how you fell into the hands of the robbers."

"That is soon told," said Achmet, laughing.
"I love hunting, so I rode out with Hassan into the woods to look for game. The report of our guns attracted the robbers, and just as we were dismounting, to go to breakfast, they fell upon us, struck Hassan to the ground, and then all three of them attacked me. Then you came, and were my deliverer. What a pity you are a Christian, and not a follower of the Prophet. I am sure my father will provide for you, and you will never leave us. But, then, my father is a zealous Mussulman, Philip; you must change your faith. By Allah, it will not hurt you."

"No, never," replied Philip gently, but firmly. "I would bear anything rather than forsake Christ. Forgive me, Achmet, but you would despise me if I should forsake my faith for any worldly advantage. No, I will never do that."

"You are right, brother, and I do not blame you," replied Achmet, warmly pressing his young friend's hand. "We must not down

what we believe to be true. Keep to your faith, and we will still be friends."

The sun was setting when Philip and the two horsemen reached the pasha's splendid estate at Kanea. Achmet sprang from his horse, told the servants to take care of the wounded Hassan, and led Philip into the castle, and begging him to wait whilst he related to his father the events of the day, he showed him into a splendidly-furnished room. Philip sat down upon a costly divan, and resting his head on his hand, looked thoughtfully at the splashing waters of a fountain, which rose from a marble basin in the middle of the room, and filled the air with its refreshing And what was he thinking of? coolness. Not of the splendours around him, but of that which for years had been the secret of his heart. He was so engrossed with this, that he did not hear a curtain raised, and Achmet hastily enter. He gazed at his thoughtful friend in wonder. "Philip," said he at last, laying his hand gently on the youth's shoulder, "my father wishes to see you; follow me, my friend."

Philip sprang up quickly, and followed Achmet through a suite of splendid rooms until he reached the one where the Pasha was expecting him.

The Pasha was alone, reclining on soft silken cushions, with his legs crossed under him, smoking his chibouk, the mouthpiece of which was covered with rich jewels. He looked very friendly at Philip, who stood with his arms crossed upon his breast.

The Pasha looked at him for some minutes and then said to him kindly, "You are welcome: Achmet told me that you saved his life, and by the Prophet's beard you shall be well repaid for this; sit down and tell me your past life. Do not be afraid: I am the Pasha, and your friend."

Achmet led the hesitating Philip to the soft cushions, where he was forced to rest, and sitting down by him, he took his hand and whispered, "Be comforted, my father means very kindly towards you." Philip raised his eyes and saw that he had nothing to fear. Pasha Ibrahim was a fine handsome man with lofty brow and large speaking eyes, and

black beard, the curls of which hung down upon his breast.

It would be easy to believe that those eyes could sparkle with rage if the Pasha was provoked, but now they looked so mild and kind, that Philip looked fearlessly at him. "My lord," said he firmly, "I have done nothing particular, and your brave son might have been a match for the robbers without me. He fought bravely against them."

"Did he! did my Achmet?" said the Pasha, kindly. "Yes he is a young lion, who will do credit to his father. But we do not know if he would have escaped alive without your help. Are you not a Greek? Who are your parents?"

An expression of deep sorrow passed over the countenance of poor Philip, and the Pasha remarking it, added quickly, "Oh, poor boy, have you no parents? Forgive my reminding you of them. I dare say you have lately lost them, and your grief is still great."

"No my lord," answered Philip, sadly, "they live, but in slavery, which is worse than death."

"How is that?" replied the Pasha anxiously; "tell me my son."

Philip tried to compose himself and to overcome his grief. He related his past history, the captivity of his parents and of himself, the dreadful scene in the slave-market, and all about good Michael Santos. The Pasha listened with attention and sympathy.

- "Have you never heard of your parents since?" he asked.
 - "No!" replied Philip; "never."
- "Have no means been tried to find them out?"
- "None," replied Philip. "My foster-father is poor and can do nothing. I have no other friends—they have all left Candia. And how could I help my unhappy parents? I can only wait, and hope that when I am older I may do something for them. I can now earn a little money in different ways. I give lessons like my foster-father; I collect shells, plants, stones, and insects, and sell them to the merchants; and when I can, I go to the harbour and get employment as porter. All I earn in this way I save for the future, hoping it may

in time be sufficient to ransom my poor parents, who are pining in slavery. My little stock increases every year, and I hope soon to have enough to defray the expenses of the journey and to bring my beloved parents home again."

Philip ended his story with tears in his eyes. Achmet embraced him, and even the proud Pasha could not conceal his emotion. a look of wonder at the boy, and stroked his long beard, saying, "By the soul of the Prophet and by my own beard, you are a good son and a brave youth! What a pity you are not a Mussulman; but, however, if your parents are still alive—and, by Allah, I hope that they are!—they shall be set at liberty. Allah il Allah, what a good son! By the beard of Mahomet you deserve it, and may God grant you the pleasure of bringing your parents home free and happy! God is great and Mahomet is his Prophet! I am not deceived when I hope that Allah may have preserved your parents. I am sure you will see them again; and, by my head! you shall have all the help that I can give you. What a good son! By Allah! this is how children should love their

parents! Speak, boy, do you know where your parents went in the ship?

"My good foster-father told me they went to Bagdad," answered Philip, whose heart beat with joy at the Pasha's promises; "their master is called 'Mustapha Kodosi;' he is a rich merchant. If, my lord, you will show mercy to a child who loves his parents above everything, look on me. I desire nothing but the deliverance of my parents."

"Make yourself easy boy," said the Pasha; "if they are still alive, they shall be set at liberty. Now leave me, my son. Allah be with you! you are a good son. Go and be comforted, for the Pasha will think of you."

CHAPTER V.

A POWERFUL PROTECTOR.

PHILIP could not remember how he got out of the Pasha's palace, nor what had been said to him when there, for he was so bewildered with the good fortune which Heaven had sent him. Revived by the open air, he uttered a scream of joy; then he said a short prayer; then wept, laughed, and jumped, and almost flew to the good Michael Santos, threw his arms around the old man, and stammered out a few unintelligible words.

"Compose yourself, Philip," said Santos; "whatever has happened, trust in the Lord, and control your feelings. What is the matter?"

"Oh, it is joy, father!" said Philip. "Oh, Michael, you will rejoice and thank the Lord for my good fortune! I am going to seek for my parents, to break their chains, and bring them home free and happy. How can I thank Thee as I ought, O God?"

Michael looked at the boy with astonishment, for years had passed since they had spoken of his parents; but now his long-repressed feelings burst forth, and declared his long-cherished wish.

"You dream, Philip," said Michael anxiously, fearing the boy's reason was affected; "how is it possible? If your parents are alive, they are separated from us by land and sea; where will

you get money from to go to Bagdad and ransom them? I do not know who could help you in this."

"The Pasha, father," cried Philip; "Pasha Ibrahim. Is he not rich enough?—and he is my friend."

"The Pasha!" exclaimed Michael; "how came you with the Pasha?—and how did he become the friend of a poor Greek boy? You must be out of your senses, Philip; go to bed, child, and talk more sensibly to-morrow."

Philip remarked, for the first time, the good Michael's anxiety, and trying to control his feelings, he related his meeting with Achmet, the Pasha's son, and the conversation with the Pasha. Santos listened with deep but sad feelings, shook his head, and said nothing.

"Speak, father," cried Philip; "are you not glad? Only think that I shall see my poor parents again, and free them from slavery."

"No," replied Santos, "my heart is very sad; have you thought of the danger of this undertaking? Will you brave the dangers of the sea? Will you cross the burning desert? The hot simoom will dry up the blood in your

young veins and the marrow in your bones; and remember you are a Christian, and how could you expose yourself to the wild tribes of the desert, who will not even spare their companions in faith, and treat Christians worse than dogs. No, boy, you must not leave me; you must wait until you are a man, and can bear such a journey, and have wisdom to guide you. No, my son; I respect and admire your love for your parents, but I know you cannot set them at liberty, and you will ruin them and yourself too. You shall not go, Philip; I love you as a father, and anxiety about you would kill me; stay with me; the Pasha can help you without your running into danger; I will not consent to your leaving me."

"Father," replied Philip, affectionately, but firmly, as he took the old man's hand, "father, I must leave you, and you must give me your blessing. After you have done everything for me, will you deny me this one wish of my life? God will be with me,—He will not leave me; and if the Almighty protects me, what dangers can hurt me? Leaning on

His help, I will begin my journey, and He will guide my steps. We shall meet again, father, and our hearts will overflow with joy and gratitude to the Most High."

"It cannot be, my child," replied Santos, much affected; "you must wait a few years, and let us find out if your parents are alive. Slave-chains are heavy, my son: how do you know that they have been able to endure the pains of slavery?"

"That is why I cannot delay, father," replied the excited youth; "every moment that I lose seems to kill me. Shall means to free my poor parents be offered to me, and shall I not tread the path opened to me? No, father! no danger shall frighten me from my duty; and if I perish in the attempt, I shall have this satisfaction, that I have done what I ought. Let me go, father, and bless me!"

"Go in peace, then, and may God be with you, my son!" said old Michael. "Your feeling is a right one, and I will try to overcome my sorrow. If I was not so old and feeble, I would go with you; but I should only hinder you. May God bless your work, and smooth

your way; and may you find your parents alive!"

"I feel that I shall succeed Father, for God will be with me, and my mother's tears of joy will be my reward."

Philip embraced his affectionate old foster-father, who blessed him, and prayed that God would protect him. They conversed till midnight, and when they went to rest, Philip's heart was full of hope and joy; not so old Michael's, but he sought comfort in prayer. He loved Philip dearly, so it was natural he should be anxious for his safety, and that he should feel the loss of the prop of his old age; but sleep at last closed his weary eyes.

The following morning, Philip expected a message from the Pasha; and about noon the sound of horses' feet was heard in the narrow street, and a few minutes after a number of splendidly-dressed people were at Michael's door. One of them, a fine youth about Philip's age, sprang into the room, and Philip exclaimed, with sparkling eyes, "Achmet! Here, my father, is the friend to whom I owe all my happiness."

"And here," said Achmet, laughing, "is the friend without whose help I could not have done another kind action. I rejoice to see your honourable face, old man."

Michael bowed low, and said, "May your entrance into this cottage be blessed, and may you find wherever you go hearts as grateful as ours! Will you rest? The seat I offer you is very humble, but you will forgive it, for we are poor."

"Poor in worldly goods, but rich in virtues," replied Achmet; "and the Prophet says, 'They are the best riches, for they will not forsake us in the hour of death, but will smooth our road to Heaven.' My father sends me, Philip, to bring you to him, and you too, old man; he wishes to see you, he respects you for the kindness you have shown Philip; he says 'that you are a noble man, though you are a Christian.' Follow me: horses are ready to carry you to the Pasha."

The Pasha's wish was a command, and Michael was obliged to yield; he was not afraid of the kind Pasha, but he asked leave to go on foot, instead of on horseback.

Achmet would not allow this, and said, "Fear nothing; I have chosen a quiet horse for you; a child may ride it, for the saddle is safe as a cradle; my father would be displeased if Philip went without you."

Michael obeyed, and he and Philip followed Achmet. whose servants assisted Michael to mount a gentle but beautiful horse, and Achmet and Philip rode fiery coursers. They proceeded slowly through the streets, and the people gazed in wonder to see old Santos riding by Achmet's side. They soon reached the Pasha's palace, where the old man was carefully taken off the horse. Achmet led the way to his father, who received them both very kindly, shook hands with them, and gave them the usual Eastern greeting,-" Kosch amedid,"-" You are welcome." Then he ordered in cushions, pipes, and sweet sherbert; and when the comfort of his guests was provided for, he turned kindly to Michael, saving,-

"Maschallah! what a man you are! You obey the Prophet's precepts, for you comfort the afflicted and protect the weak. Why are

you not a follower of the Prophet Mahomed?"

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"My lord," answered Michael, "long before your Prophet, Christ commanded us to share our bread with the poor. I was born a Christian, and I will die one."

"Do so," said the Pasha; "I will not oblige you to forsake your faith, which cannot be so very bad, as it teaches you to do good. You Christians are wonderful people, and you might attain to high honours if you would obey the precepts of the Prophet; but you prefer poverty for the sake of Christ."

"Yes, my lord," said Michael; "we must not change our faith like a garment; and you will excuse my saying that we Christians believe ours the most perfect faith."

"Well, then, do not change; but it shall not prevent my showing you kindness," replied Ibrahim, kindly; and turning to Philip, he said, "And you, my son, are you still determined to look for your parents?"

"Oh yes, my lord, quite determined," replied Philip, with sparkling eyes.

The Pasha was silently lost in thought, quite concealed in a cloud of tobacco-smoke; the

spectators waited for him to speak, not wishing to interrupt his thoughts. After a few minutes, he spoke as follows: "You are a good child, but the journey to Bagdad is long, and the desert is dangerous; you had better stay here, and let me arrange for your parents to be set at liberty."

Philip turned pale, and threw himself at the Pasha's feet, saying, "If it should be to the end of the world, my lord, and if I must walk barefoot, I should not be afraid. Have mercy on me, and let me go!"

"Be quiet, my son," replied the Pasha mildly, "and sit down; far be it from me to wish to prevent you, and I will keep my promise. If you persist in going, go; but you will be a fool if you do not listen to the voice of experience. Achmet loves you, my son; he is your friend, he wishes you to be his brother; stay with him; he will give you fine clothes, and glittering weapons, and a fine horse. You shall have every luxury, and I will treat you as my son, and your future career shall be as brilliant as one of the stars of heaven."

Philip shook his head, and answered, "I love

Achmet as my brother, but I love my parents better than everything in the world, my lord."

"But your parents shall be taken care of," replied the Pasha. "I do not doubt that I shall be able to obtain their freedom."

Philip struggled with his feelings, and said, "I feel your great kindness, my lord, but do not think me ungrateful if I keep my resolution. Your mesenger might be imprisoned, or murdered, or he might be terrified by the dangers he would be exposed to, and he might return and say, "Those whom you seek, my lord, are dead," and we must believe him; or he might escape with the ransom-money to a distant country, and never come back to you; but if I go, I fear no dangers, but trusting to God's help, I shall find my parents and loose their chains."

"Then you despise my favours," replied the Pasha, frowning. "You despise the good things that I offer you, and my son's friendship."

"No, no, my lord," answered Philip; "but I value my parents' happiness more than my own. Ought I to be deaf to the voice which speaks to my heart?"

The frown disappeared from the Pasha's brow as he said, "Go, and may Allah's blessing rest upon you! Your love for your parents is great indeed, but I am afraid I shall never see you again. Go! and if you return, a place in my house will be open to you. Allah il Allah, what a boy! A servant could not indeed do what you will do, for when affection is not our motive, our efforts are weak. But hear what I have done for you."

At a sign from the Pasha, a servant brought a roll of parchment upon a silken cushion, and kneeling down presented it to him; the Pasha gave the roll to Philip, saying, "Take this, it is a firman with the Sultan's signature (may the Prophet bless him); it will secure you respect wherever his power prevails. It cannot protect you from the Arabs, but you are in Allah's hands. There is a galetta in the harbour ready to sail; the captain of it has orders to take you to Ladakia. Then you must find your way by land. It is about the time when a caravan goes from Haleb to Bagdad; join it, and may Allah be your guide! The road is very tedious, and dangers surround the traveller

in the desert. May Allah blind the eyes of the Bedouins, and guard you from the burning breath of the simoon. If you want money, look in the cabin of the galetta; I hope you will find more there than you will require for your journey, and to ransom your parents. If you are in trouble, go to the man in Bagdad whose name is in the paper, and he will give you everything that you want. Take care of the paper, for I can do no more for you. You must leave the rest to Allah and your good fortune. Do not thank me; I owe you much for saving my son's life, and you deserve all I have done as a reward for your faithful love to your parents. I know that Christians think the Turks cruel and unmerciful, but some of us love virtue. You may go now, and Allah be with you!"

Philip could not speak; he could only thank the Pasha by his looks, and by throwing himself at his feet and kissing his garment. The Pasha looked kindly at him, and turning to Michael, said, "You, my friend, are old, and require rest. I am much indebted to you, too; for if you had not befriended the poor boy he

might not have saved my son's life. The Prophet commands us to return kindness for kindness, and I will obey him. Go and rest from your labours; my treasurer shall pay you every year a sum of money sufficient to support you. Take this purse as the first payment, and go in peace."

The Pasha dismissed him with majestic gravity, and Achmet led his friends out of the palace quite bewildered at their good fortune. Achmet embraced Philip, placed a valuable ring upon his finger, and said affectionately, "Go, brother, and may Allah protect you! If you return, come to me and you will be welcome; think of me as a friend, for I shall often think of you." Before Philip could speak, Achmet was gone. Philip and Michael mounted their horses, and returned to their cottage, embraced each other heartily, and their feelings were not such as the Greeks generally entertain towards the cruel Turks.

"Truly," said Michael, "Pasha Ibrahim said that we deserved to be Turks, but I say that that man is worthy to be called a Christian." : ,, =

CHAPTER VI.

THE CAPTAIN.

PASHA IBRAHIM having put it into Philip's power to begin his journey, he did not delay it a moment longer than he could help. The evening of the same day he went on board the galetta and asked the captain when he could sail.

"We can sail directly," replied the captain, "and the sooner we go the sooner we shall return; the wind is favourable and blows fresh from the S.W. We shall be ready in an hour."

When the necessary preparations were made, the captain weighed anchor and hoisted the sails. Philip and Michael went into the cabin to spend their last moments undisturbed: at last the captain said to Michael, "Everything is ready, and as soon as you are in the boat we shall sail."

Michael turned pale and tears rolled down his cheeks; he embraced Philip and "Farewell, the moment I so much dreaded is come; go on thy dangerous path, my child, and may the Lord God be thy guide! May He change the thorns in thy path into roses! May He smooth thy way and prosper thy doings! May thy filial love meet its reward! This shall be my prayer for you, my son, when you are far away. I shall always think of you, and you will not forget me, my beloved son. May God be with you. Farewell!"

Michael embraced Philip many times; he returned his affection with tears of love, and at last with difficulty tore himself away; but he accompanied Michael to the deck, sprang into the boat after him, and threw his arms around the good old man. "Farewell, and be happy," said he to him. "I shall never forget your love and kindness to me. I shall always think of you with gratitude; we shall meet again. Farewell, and be comforted."

One more embrace and Philip left him, the boat pushed off, the galetta caught the fresh breeze, and was soon in the open sea. When on shore, Michael turned his tearful eyes towards the ship, but he could not discover the loved form of his foster-child. Philip was in the darkest corner of his cabin, very sorrowful at his parting with his loving foster-father. He wept until in sleep he forgot his sorrow; it was only when he was separated from him that he realized how much he loved the good Michael, and for some hours he could think of nothing else, not even of his parents. In the mean time the galetta glided lightly over the waves, and when Philip came on deck next morning, it was far from the isle of Candia. Sleep had refreshed him, and his mind rested on the hope that had enabled him to leave Michael and his home, and to cross the sea and desert.

The captain sat upon deck on soft cushions, gazing with silent pleasure on the clouds of blue smoke which issued from his tschibuk. Philip greeted him and sat down on a cushion near him, and said, "How long will the voyage be?"

The captain, who did not feel very friendly towards his passenger, replied, "Allah knows, not I," and stroked his long beard and smoked his pipe. "But can you not give me some idea, friend?" answered Philip. "Have you never been from Candia to Ladakia?"

"Often, and so I know what I say; Allah alone knows how long our voyage will be," growled the captain. "I have made the voyage in six days, and sometimes in not less than six weeks. Allah il Allah! Mahomed resoul in Allah. God is God, and Mahomet is his prophet! How can I tell which way the wind will blow?"

"But if the wind is favourable?" asked Philip.

"Other accidents might happen," replied the captain. "Be contented and wait patiently, whatever may happen; Allah only can answer your questions."

Philip was quite hurt by the captain's rude conduct; and turning from him, leaned against the mast and gazed at the scene before him.

The captain took no notice of him, but smoked his tschibuk and left the care of the ship to Allah and the sailors. An hour after, Philip discovered a little white speck at a 'ance: at first he thought it was a cloud, but afterwards he perceived it was a sail. It approached the galetta, but the captain did not see it; the sailors were lying about the deck, and some of them were asleep; as the distant sail became more visible, Philip drew the captain's attention to it.

"A ship!" asked the captain, "where?" He perceived the distant vessel, and seemed much surprised and disturbed, laid down his long pipe, stood up, then fetched a telescope from his cabin, and carefully watched the sail. "By Allah and the blessed Prophet!" exclaimed he at last, "it is a Greek privateer. Dogs!" growled he to the sailors, "is this a time to sleep when the Greeks are upon our necks? Get up! Round the rudder and sail! Quick, and we may escape! If we fall into their hands, I would not give a para for our heads." The words "Greek privateer" aroused the sleepy crew; they did not wish to fall into the hands of the Greeks, and the captain's commands were quickly obeyed. The galetta changed its course; and when the danger was over the captain resumed his cushions and pipe, and beckoning to Philip to sit down by his side, he said, in a much more friendly tone, "Your watchfulness has saved us from great danger; if we had fallen into the hands of the Greek privateer, death or imprisonment would probably have been our fate. I was correct in saying, I did not know when we should reach Ladakia. We were very nearly not getting there at all."

"Without any more accidents, then," said Philip, "how long will the voyage be if the wind is favourable?"

"Six, seven, or eight days!" answered the captain. "My galetta is a jewel of a boat. We will put our trust in Allah; what is to happen will happen; but tell me why you left Candia, and why you are going to Ladakia, and why the Pasha commanded a galetta to be fitted out for you? For, by Allah, it must be important business with which the Pasha intrusts you, or he would not have disturbed me from my rest in this way. I had scarcely reached Stamboul before I had to start again. By the Prophet's beard I did not like it; for I had been hoping for a few months at least in harbour."

Philip expressed his regret at having been

the innocent cause of the Turk's displeasure, and then told him of the solemn vow which took him to a distance. The Turk listened, shaking his head from time to time: "Allah ill Allah! What a fool you are!" cried he, when Philip had finished his story. "Why, by the blessed Prophet, the gate of fortune was opened to you; you had but to enter it. The mighty Pasha your friend and protector! and Achmet your friend! What a fortune you have despised: and all to seek for two old people, who most likely died and were buried long ago. Do not be offended, friend; but, I must say, you have acted like a fool; and the father of all asses is wisdom itself compared with you. Now, follow my advice; go back, throw yourself at the Pasha's feet, confess your folly, and entreat him to restore you to his favour; Achmet will intercede for you, and you will then have had a little excursion. Make haste; go back, and forget your parents and Bagdad."

Philip shook his head, saying, "I would rather die than go back."

But the Turk tried to persuade him. Philip listened in silence, and then said that if he would give him everything in the world, it would not make him so happy as to set his parents at liberty: he was prepared to suffer for their sakes, but God would strengthen him to bear whatever it might be.

"Go then," said the captain, angrily; "you may be a good son, but still you are the father of asses:" then turning his back upon him, he did not speak another word to Philip the whole day. But Philip did not care about that; he stood gazing at the sea, thinking of his parents, who little thought that their son was on his way to set them free. The captain was very cross next day, as he sat upon his cushions without noticing Philip, for he was very angry with him for refusing the Pasha's offers; and when Philip spoke to him he gave him very sharp answers, and this unkind conduct made Philip wish more than ever for the end of the voyage. He climbed up the mast, and there gave way to his thoughts.

In the mean time the weather seemed about to change, and Philip was almost suffocated with the hot air. In his wanderings among the mountains of Candia, he had learnt something of the sudden changes of the weather, and he now perceived that a storm was coming on, and he hastened to tell the captain so.

"You are a fool, as I told you yesterday," said the captain angrily; "the sky is blue, the sea like a mirror, the sun bright; where is the storm to come from?"

"From the south," replied Philip, firmly; "and it will be here in half an hour: give orders instantly to draw in the sails, or we are lost. I do not deceive you; it is no advantage to me, for it will only delay my voyage."

"You are right," said the captain; "I did not think of that. Up, sailors, take in the sails, round the rudder to the north."

The crew heard their orders with surprise, and hesitated to obey; but the captain knew how to make them active, and the galetta was soon prepared to stand against the hurricane.

The hurricane came with fearful violence, and the galetta would have been upset like a rutshell, if it had not been made ready for it; but now it escaped danger, and bravely resisted the hurricane, which drove it hither and thither with great fury.

The storm did not last long; the sun set brilliantly, and the uneasy motion of the sea had quite ceased. The captain sat down upon his cushions, and smoked his tschibuk, which he had been obliged to give up during the storm.

"Friend," said he to Philip, who was watching the glorious sunset, "you have twice saved my life and that of my men, and I will not be ungrateful to you. You are a fool, but I will nevertheless give you good advice: if you persist in carrying out your plan, conceal your faith. If it is discovered that you are a Greek and a Christian, you will be persecuted, robbed, and perhaps murdered, or left in the desert, and no protection of the Pasha, no firman, can save you in such circumstances. I know the Turks: there are many bad sets among them; so be on your guard, and pass for a Turk and a Mussulman whilst in their company."

"I understand you," answered Philip, "but "I not deny my faith."

"By Allah, you are a greater fool than I thought you," replied the captain; "if you had not twice saved my life, I should let you go to destruction; but I like you; and although you are a Christian dog, Pasha Ibrahim was right when he said that you were a good son. Now, if you do not follow my advice, you are a dead man, and you will never see Bagdad. You need not renounce your faith, though it would be much better for you; but you must pass for a Mussulman, and when the Turks call on the blessed Prophet, you may pray to your Christ secretly. Keep your eyes wide open, and be wise."

"You are right, and I thank you," replied Philip; "our law bids us to be 'wise as serpents, but harmless as doves.' So I will follow your advice, and am much obliged to you for it."

"By Allah, you have some reason to be thankful," replied the Turk, coolly; "without my advice you would be lost, as I should have been without yours;—now we are quits."

A few days after this, the galetta cast anchor in the harbour of Ladakia. The cap-

tain saw Philip's things safe on shore, and then went with him to buy a Turkish dress. He had become so attached to Philip, that he had even left his ship and his own comfort to go on shore with him. He chose for him a turban and shawl, and everything proper for a young Turk's dress; then he dressed Philip in them, and was well pleased with him. listen," said he to Philip; "return with me to Candia and to Pasha Ibrahim: do not wilfully run into danger and death, but come back with me, and in the course of ten years you may attain to a high rank and honours,-indeed, you may even become Pasha some day, who knows? and then you can look for your parents without danger. Now do return with me; you know I mean well towards you."

"No, my friend; I have made up my mind, and nothing but death can make me change it."

"Then, by Allah and the blessed Prophet, you are an incorrigible fool," growled the Turk. "Go! We are never likely to meet again, so we had better take leave for ever;—farewell!"

"Farewell!" said Philip, and shook the cap-

tain's hand, who turned proudly away, and walked down the harbour street to return to his dear Candia; but he turned round once more and said, "Listen, my son. If you should be successful, I shall like to hear of it. I shall be very glad if you succeed, though you are a Christian."

These were the last words that he said to Philip; a few minutes after he was on board the galetta, on his way back to Candia.

Poor Philip was now quite left to himself, and felt very sad; but he tried to forget Candia and to turn his thoughts to Bagdad, and thither he resolved to pursue his way, in full confidence that God would protect and ruide him.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DESERT.

PHILIP found a lodging in a caravanserai, and here he learnt from the merchants that in three days a caravan would start for Bagdad from Haleb. With the money with which Pasha Ibrahim had so richly provided him, he purchased a good dromedary and some arms, and then asked leave of the merchants to travel with them to Haleb. They agreed, and early next morning the little party set off. The merchants took little notice of their young companion. One of them asked what business took him to Bagdad, to which he replied that he wished to visit some relations, and the Turk was satisfied; no one suspected him, for he seemed quite accustomed to his Turkish dress, and his manner was quiet and serious enough to please the Turks. When they knelt down and called upon Allah and Mahomet, he took that opportunity of praying to his God and Saviour.

The little procession reached Haleb without any accident, and Philip had made so favourable an impression upon the Turks that they invited him to go with them into the caravanserai. Philip was glad of this, and he and his dromedary were well treated. The caravanserai was crowded with merchants, camel-drivers, and other travellers on their way to Bagdad.

Philip saw that the town was in a state of excitement, and Yussuff, the Turk who had taken most notice of him, explained that in one of the provinces through which they must pass an insurrection had broken out, and therefore it would be dangerous, if not madness, in them to travel the usual road."

"But what else is to be done?" asked Philip.
"The caravan must go on."

"It would be wiser not to go than to lose our lives and all our property," replied Yussuff. "The leaders of the caravan are consulting whether we shall proceed with a strong escort by a circuitous road through the desert of Sindschar, instead of by the banks of the Euphrates; but the new road is also very dangerous; however, many of us must go or suffer great losses. You, my son, had better delay your visit to your friends for a year."

"No," replied Philip quickly; "I am not afraid, and I must go on if every one else stays behind."

"But this is folly, my son," said the Turk.

"You do not know the horrors of the desert, and Allah grant you may never know them! You can do as you please, but I advise you not to go on. Duty to my relations obliges me to proceed, trusting to Allah."

"And a sacred duty compels me also to go on," said Philip. "I will not stay behind."

"Then trust to Allah for protection," said the Turk. "I have warned you; I will say no more."

The leaders of the party decided to go through the Syrian desert, trusting to Allah's protection and a strong military escort. Darkness still covered the earth when the caravan, consisting of camels, dromedaries, horses, and mules, left Haleb. At the head of the procession rode a strong troop of Turkish soldiers well armed, and the procession was closed by a

double escort. Philip on his dromedary was in the procession, his heart beating with delight at the thoughts that he was on his way to set his parents at liberty.

At sunrise he heard the Muryzen call the Mussulmen to prayer, at the sound of which every one was instantly out of his saddle, kneeling on the ground, according to their Prophet's command. But Philip sat still, until he was reminded by an angry call from the Turk next to him. He blushed, sprang down from his dromedary, and prayed so earnestly that the Turk was satisfied.

There was only one man who suspected Philip. His name was Leontes, and he was a Greek renegade from Candia, and he watched Philip very closely. When the devotions were over, he came up and began to speak to him. Philip gave him short answers, for he disliked his face. His sharp squinting eyes and the wicked expression in them, made him very disagreeable to look at. He hurried his dromedary on to get out of the way of this man, who he knew had observed his neglect of the call to prayer in the morning, and Yussuff

had warned him against Leontes, who had been wicked enough to change his faith for gain. They were obliged to bear with his company in the caravan, but no honest man liked him.

The caravan went through Sokhur and Tadmor, and by the ruins of Palmyra, and at length reached the Syrian desert, called Barrai al Scham by the Turks and Arabians. A wild and endless sea of sand lay before Philip; not a tree, not a blade of grass, nor a green leaf; not a living being to relieve the desolate silence which reigned in this desert of death. Philip shuddered at the long waving plain, and a foreboding of evil came over him; but the thoughts of his parents made him forget everything else, and he bravely urged on his dromedary. The caravan wound like a coloured snake along the dazzling carpet of dry sand. When they left the inhabited parts and entered the deadly region, fear was depicted on every face; for all knew that it was not only the simoon and the drought they had to fear, but the hordes of the Arabs. Many days, however, passed without seeing an enemy, and fear gave place to hope that they might escape the

plundering Arabs. But at length the dreadful simoon, the poisonous breath of the desert. threatened the caravan, and came with furv and sulphuric vapour and blood-red cloud, filling the eyes, ears, mouths, and noses of the travellers, and penetrating to their skin. Every one threw himself on the sand, covered his head with his clothes, and called upon Allah to save him. Philip prostrated himself, and addressed his prayer as usual in Greek to God Almighty. On account of the noise of the storm, his voice was only heard by one listening ear. Philip trembled when he saw Leontes crouched on the burning sand close to him. The storm happily soon passed over, and men and animals breathed again. Philip looked up gratefully to Heaven for his safety, whilst the Turks were crying loudly to Allah and the Prophet. Leontes observed Philip, but said nothing.

As evening drew on, the caravan reached an oasis, where they quenched their thirst with water from a well, which was deep enough to have escaped the hot simoon. Philip and the dromedary drank with delight, after which the

poor beast lay down, and Philip seated himself by its side, and watched the eager crowd drink at the spring.

Some one presently touched his arm, and said in Greek, "Praised be Jesus Christ."

"For ever and ever," answered Philip to this Christian greeting, and turned to the stranger; but when he saw Leontes he drew back and turned pale.

"Be quiet," said he to Philip, "I know that you are a Christian, but no one else knows it, and if you are reasonable, no one else need know it."

"What do you want with me?" replied Philip, "how do you know anything about me? Go and leave me, I have not interfered with you."

"I can see through you," answered the renegade, laughing. "I have only to speak one word to the leader of the caravan, and you are a lost man. I know you are a Christian, I heard you call on the God of the Christians during the storm, and how did you answer my greeting? Ah! you cannot deceive me; I know that you are Philip Messaros, foster-son of old-Michael Santos, and I can guess that

you are going to free your father from slavery."

Philip was astonished, and now feared the worst from the Greek renegade; therefore, hoping to be rid of Leontes, he said, "Yes, I am Philip Messaros; and you are a Greek and a good Mussulman, why should I fear anything more than you?"

Leontes laughed scornfully at him, and replied, "Every one knows me, but no one knows you; it depends upon yourself whether I shall be your friend or enemy; as one you will have nothing to fear, but as the other everything."

"What is it you want?" said Philip.

"A thousand piastres," replied Leontes quickly, "that will purchase my silence."

Now, this was exactly the sum of money that the Pasha had given Philip, and if he gave it away, what should he do on arriving at Bagdad? There was the Pasha's letter to Kara Bey, who might replace the loss to him, but could he dare so to abuse the Pasha's confidence, and could he even then be sure that Leontes would not persecute him for more money? So he resolved to refuse the renegade's sham

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demand, and as the Sultan's firman promised him protection—and Yussuff having warned him of Leontes, would be sure to take his part, he did not think that Leontes could do him much harm, and having made up his mind, he said,—"A thousand piastres! Truly, friend, your demand is not small; why should I pay you this sum? I do not care about your silence; you may go and proclaim that I am a Christian: I am not so friendless as you think; I will not purchase your silence."

The eyes of the renegade sparkled with malice at these words, and he said, "Are you serious in this resolution?"

"Perfectly serious," answered Philip; "I am not afraid of your threats; I despise your attempts to get money. Go, I am a better believer than you are, and my friends will confirm this."

"Then tremble," said Leontes, shaking with rage, "you will hear of me again;" and so saying, he vanished. A slight fear came over Philip, and he was on the point of going to Yussuff for advice, when a little detachment of armed men sprang upon him. Leontes was

amongst them, and he pointed to Philip, saying, "There he is, seize him, he is a Christian."

"You must come with us, whoever you are," said one of the horsemen to Philip; "follow us; Abdallah, the leader of the caravan, has desired us to take you before him."

"I will follow you," said Philip, "but give me time to take the Sultan's firman out of my baggage."

Leontes was frightened when he heard of the Sultan's protection, and wished to prevent Philip having the firman; but the chief of the horsemen interfered, and Philip took the firman and placed it in his girdle, and quietly followed the horsemen to Abdallah, who, with his long white beard, received the youth with great gravity, and did not offer him a seat upon a cushion or bid him welcome.

"Allah akbar! God is great," said he, when he had looked at Philip. "I expect great things from you; this renegade says that you are an unbeliever, a follower of the Nazarine, though you pass for a Mussulman."

"I am a true believer, my lord," answered
Philip; "that fellow threatened to accu-

you if I would not give him a thousand piastres; you may therefore suppose what sort of a man he is. Look at the Sultan's firman, promising me protection and safety."

"By the Prophet's beard, it is our Pasha's own hand-writing," said Abdallah, after he had looked at the firman. "Dog of a renegade," said he, angrily, to Leontes, "why did you fill my ear with lies? And how could you dare to risk your knavery with a true believer? Take him away, and give him the bastinado; fifty stripes on the soles of his feet will teach him better manners."

"Stop, stop," cried Leontes, tearing himself away from the chief of the horsemen, who had seized him, and throwing himself at Abdallah's feet. "Do not be deceived, my lord, by his smooth words; as true as I am a Mussulman, so true is it that he is an unbelieving dog and a liar. Ask him, my lord, to revile the Christian faith; let him say, 'Allah il Allah; Mahomed resoul in Allah,' and then decide what he is. You see that he is pale; his deceit avails him nothing. Seize him, people, seize him." Abdallah waved his hand, and the guards,

who had approached to seize Philip, fell back. "My son," said Abdallah, "does this renegade speak the truth? Have you told me lies? Are you a Mussulman or a Christian?"

"I am a believer," answered Philip.

Abdallah frowned, and said, "You Christians call yourselves believers, though you are no better than dogs. If you are really a follower of the blessed Prophet, repeat after me, 'Allah il Allah; Mahomed resoul in Allah!—God is God, and Mahomed is his Prophet."

Philip turned pale and trembled. He was called upon to deny his faith, and his conscience refused to let him do this. It had made him feel uneasy at wearing the Mussulman dress, and it would not let him go beyond this. He obeyed its voice, and instead of repeating Abdallah's words, he hung down his head in silence.

"Now, you see, my lord, that I told you the truth," cried Leontes wildly and maliciously. "He is a Christian dog and a spy, who is going to betray the caravan to the Bedouins for a sum of money; kill him, my lord, kill him, kill him!"

"He lies, and speaks this from revenge," said Philip, who had now regained his composure. "I am a Christian; and if for this reason I deserve punishment, I will bear it without complaint. But I never thought of treachery. The purpose for which I am going to Bagdad is a very different one; and though you despise Christians, yet, my lord, you will not disapprove of it."

"he lies. I know the knave well: his father fought against the Turks, and he hates them with deadly hatred."

"Be silent," commanded Abdallah, coldly. "We know you very well, and your avarice and vile love of money." Then turning to Philip, he said, "Tell me, you unbeliever, how you, being a Christian, have a firman from the Pasha with you?"

"Pasha Ibrahim of Candia, my great protector, has written it for me," answered Philip; "and not only this, but he has also given me a letter to Kara Bey in Bagdad."

"Let us see it," said Abdallah, incredulously. Philip took the letter out of his girdle, and from its many envelopes, and presented it to Abdallah, who read it with astonishment, and said, in a low voice, "It is certainly from my old friend Ibrahim,—I know his handwriting." Then, after a little reflection, he said, with quiet gravity, to those standing by, "Go out of my tent; I wish to be alone with the youth."

All respectfully withdrew, the tent-curtain fell, and Abdallah asked the youth in a friendly tone, to relate his story. Philip did so without hesitation, and when he had ended, Abdallah said,—"You are a brave youth, fear nothing; not a hair of your head shall be hurt. You must have fetters put upon you, and be guarded; but this will be to protect you from that knave of a renegade more than anything else. If you go free, he will stir up all the Mussulmen against you, and you will scarcely escape death. When you reach Bagdad, the Sultan's firman will protect you, and Kara Bey will receive you into his house. When we get to Bagdad, I shall set you at liberty. Fear nothing, for though in chains, I shall protect you."

Philip sank down at the noble Abdallah's feet with gratitude; but Abdallah made him rise. "Do not thank me," said he; "it is for my friend Ibrahim's, as well as for your own sake, that I grant you my protection. You are a good youth, and I am very glad that you did not deny your faith. We Turks receive renegades, but we only respect and honour those who adopt our faith from inward conviction. We despise those who, like Leontes, forsake their faith for some worldly gain. But be satisfied that I am your protector. Retire."

Philip obeyed, and at Abdallah's call, the guards returned. "Seize this youth," said Abdallah, pointing to Philip, "put fetters on him, and guard him strictly; he shall be always in my sight. This is my will. Retire."

They immediately seized Philip, and led him out of the tent; but Leontes still lingered, hoping to receive a reward. Abdallah looked at him with contempt, and said, "What do you want?"

"My lord, it was I who discovered the traitor," replied Leontes. "Will you not let sun of your favour shine upon me? The

infidel would have laughed at all the faithful, if it had not been for me."

"You have only done your duty," answered Abdallah; "a good Mussulman expects no reward for that. Go, or I must believe that you have accused your countryman from vile self-interest, and not from zeal for the true faith. Begone!"

The deluded Leontes, having expected a great reward for his discovery, left the tent full of rage, grinding his teeth, and muttering, "You shall all repent this. The moment for revenge will soon come." He went away still muttering, and disappeared amongst the travellers and camels.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BEDOUINS.

Whilst Leontes trembled with rage, Philip awaited patiently the end of his imprisonment. The next morning when the caravan proceeded, he rode upon his dromedary. His papers,

him, and he hoped that his heavenly Father, without whose permission nothing happens, would point out to him the way by which he should reach Bagdad, and set his poor parents at liberty. He only regretted that this was now delayed perhaps for years.

The Bedouins slackened their speed when they thought they were beyond pursuit from the horsemen belonging to the caravan, but the latter did not seem to think of following them; and after the space of two hours, the Arabs gave their horses and the camels (which they had carried off with them) time to breathe.

The chief of the Arabs perceived Philip sitting quiet and composed amidst the screaming Mussulmen, and presently he addressed him as follows:—

- "Who has chained you? Answer me; I am Achmet Bey, the chief of my tribe."
- "My lord," replied Philip, "Abdallah, the leader of the caravan, commanded these chains to be laid upon me."
 - "Why, what crime have you committed?"
 None: I am in chains for being a

Christian. That man," pointing to Leontes, "betrayed me to Abdallah, because I would not purchase his silence with a thousand piastres."

"Is he the traitor?" said the captain. "I know him well, he is a knave and betrays every one. He betrayed your caravan to me by a rocket, which he sent up yesterday to show us the place of its encampment. He is a knave, and he is mistaken if he thinks that I shall reward him."

"But have you not promised to do so?" asked Philip. "I have heard that you Bedouins never break your word."

"And do you think that I would break it?" replied the captain. "I promised him five thousand piastres, and he shall have them. But I did not say that that was all. I shall reward his treachery first, and then ——"

The Bedouin made a movement expressive of his intention.

"Do you mean to kill him?" said Philip, shuddering.

Achmet Bey nodded, and said, "The rope is his fate, if he does not give up the promised sum of money. He deserves nothing better. But enough of him. Though you are an unbeliever, your chains shall be taken off. I do not trouble myself about faiths, but only esteem the brave. I saw that when my sword accidentally whistled over your head, you did not move an eyelash, and you are the only one who has not howled. Take off his chains!"

Some of the Bedouins immediately released him of his chains. "If you promise," said the captain, "to make no attempt to escape, I will give you your arms again, and you shall be as free as one of us."

Philip thought a little, for the idea of flight was very tempting, and if he was free, flight would be easy; so he delayed to give his promise.

"Well, well," said the captain, "I see you hope to escape. But give up this idea. If you do not promise, you will be sharply watched, and though I respect you, instant death will be your fate if you attempt to escape. But you shall have your arms if you wish for them, for you please me."

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"Enough," said Philip, overcome by the Bedouin's generosity, "I promise not to escape without your permission."

"Then you are free, for I trust you," replied Achmet Bey. "I hope you will never leave us, for we Bedouins love the brave, and try to attach them to us, whether they are heathens or Turks. Our religion is bravery and contempt of death. Will you join our company?"

"No, never!" answered Philip, honestly and fearlessly. "And when I have told you why I cannot consent to your proposal, you will not be displeased."

"Good; then we will hear about it another time," answered Achmet Bey; "but now we will despatch the traitor. Bring that spy, Leontes, here!"

The horsemen fetched Leontes and brought him before the captain. Leontes bowed cringingly to the Bey, his head nearly touching the horse's neck, and he smiled flatteringly.

"Leontes," said the captain contemptuously, "you have kept your promise as a knave, a base creature, and a traitor, and now J -: "11

keep my promise. What did I promise you?
—listen, people, to his answer?"

"Five thousand piastres, light of the universe, not a para more or less," replied the traitor.

" And is that all?" asked Achmet Bey.

"Yes, everything your slave desires; nothing more," replied Leontes.

"Very well; pay him the money," said the captain. "You have heard."

Five purses were immediately given to the traitor, and he poured out his gratitude to the bey, whom he extolled to the clouds.

"Enough," said the captain, at last quite disgusted, "answer me one question, with 'yes' or 'no;' have I kept my promise?"

"Yes, my lord," said Leontes. "But do not command me to be silent. I have still something to say to your advantage."

" More treason? Speak."

"That man," said Leontes, maliciously pointing to Philip; "that man possesses a whole purseful of zechins. Search him, and you will not only be pleased with your slave, b' im another reward."

- "Does he speak the truth?" said the captain to Philip.
- "Yes, my lord," replied he, and pulled out his purse. "Here is all that I possess. It was the ransom-money for my poor parents, who have been pining for years in slavery. But I am your prisoner—take it!"

"No; we will speak of that another time," replied the captain, "we will first despatch this vile traitor. Wretch! Son of a dog! I have kept my word, but we are not yet quits. We reward treachery, but we despise the traitor—away with him! Strangle him and throw his wretched corpse upon the sand of the desert for the vulture and jackal! Away, I will no longer see him before me."

It is impossible to describe the horror of Leontes at these words. His face was distorted by the fear of death, and he trembled so violently, that he could scarcely speak. At length with a great effort he threw himself in the dust, howled loudly, and entreated for his life in such sorrowful tones, that even Philip felt pity for the wretched man, though he had little cause to do so.

"Take my gold, arms, clothes, horse, everything, only leave me my life," begged Leontes. "I will be your slave and dog; strike me, kick me, but give me my life!"

"Give him his miserable life," begged Philip of the captain, who looked coldly at the wretched man. "He cannot hurt you, and perhaps this fright may be of use to him, and perhaps he may repent of his wickedness and become a better man."

"Well, then, he may have his life if he will purchase it," said the captain, after a pause. "He may have his life for ten thousand piastres."

"Allah il Allah! ten thousand piastres!" exclaimed Leontes. "I have not a para more than this five thousand which I have just received by your favour. Take them, great captain, and have mercy upon me. By Allah and the blessed Prophet, I have not another para. Let one ray of your mercy fall on your unhappy slave!"

"Take the money and chain him," commanded the captain. "He may live, but we will make him harmless. Chain him and drag him behind you like a dog as he is."

The captain's command was immediately obeyed. The prisoner's hands were chained, a rope was put round his neck, the other end of which was fastened to the saddle of one of the horsemen, and Leontes was made to run by the side; and fortunately for him, the Bedouins did not go at their former speed. Before long they arrived at the Arabs' home, a village in the desert. Chains were put upon Leontes, and he was forced to do the hardest work.

But Philip was allowed to go out and in as he pleased. Every one treated him with respect, and he would have been quite contented, if it had not been for the thoughts of his beloved parents. When he thought of them, he could not rejoice in his liberty, but was sad and sorrowful.

Some months passed in this way, and Achmet Bey pressed his protégé every day to join his company, and share their fortunes. But Philip, having told the captain the object of his journey to Bagdad, entreated him to

give him his liberty; thus neither of them could agree to the other's wishes. Achmet could not bear to part with Philip, and Philip would not give up his parents, whom he loved above every one else.

"Friend," said Achmet Bey, one day to Philip, "this affair must be brought to a conclusion. My people are impatient. If you will stay with us, you shall be highly honoured, and placed next in rank to me. The bold sons of the desert shall obey you as they do me, and your share in the booty shall be equal to mine; but if you refuse this offer, I cannot prevent your being made a slave, and instead of a swift horse and a sword, you will have only an axe and a spade. I will give you one day more to think about it. Do not decide without consideration. Forget your parents! You cannot help them, and you will only share their melancholy fate, if you persist in being unreasonable. Go, for I will not have your Choose between freedom and answer now. honour, or slavery and hard work!"

Philip was going to reply, but the captain would not let him, and went away. Philip

was unhappy and perplexed. He could not become the associate of plundering Arabs; yet how could he bear the thoughts of a life spent in slavery? He thought of flight—it would be so easy, for he had only to catch one of the swift horses near the tents and to mount it; but he resisted this temptation, for he had promised not to escape, and he would rather die than break his word. What should he do?

He heard his name softly called at this moment, and turning round perceived Leontes beckening to him.

Although he had always avoided the wretched man, he went up to him to inquire what he wanted. Leontes look timidly around him, laid his finger upon his lips, and whispered, "Follow me behind the tent. No one will interrupt us there; I have something important to tell you."

Philip followed the miserable man, who threw himself at his feet, and cringingly kissed his feet and garments. "My lord," said he at last, "I have long sought for this opportunity, and a lucky chance has at last granted my desire. I know you long for liberty no less

than I do, and it is an easy thing for us both to obtain it. I know enough of the paths in the desert, and of the way to Bagdad, where your unhappy parents pine in horrible slavery, and when we are once upon the back of a good horse, we shall not be overtaken by all the Arab hordes of Arabia. Free me from my chains; get us some horses, and I will bring you safely to Bagdad, and so make you some amends for the harm that I have done you. What are you thinking about? Why do you shake you head? I mean what I say; I do not mean to deceive you."

"I believe you, for your liberty is as of much importance to you as mine is to me," answered Philip. "But I can do nothing for you or for myself. My word of honour binds me to the Bey, and I will not break it."

"Pooh! you are a Christian," replied Leontes.

"A Christian need not keep his word with an unbeliever. Change your mind."

"Christian or Turk," said Philip firmly, "a promise is a promise. I will keep mine even to the most wretched heathen. Do not trouble "urself uselessly about me, Leontes. If I

had wished to escape, I could have done so long ago without you."

Philip was going, but Leontes held him by his dress. "Hear me," he said earnestly and passionately. "I know that you are poor, because Achmet Bey has taken everything from vou. Your money, your firman, and Pasha Ibrahim's letter to Kara Bey in Bagdad. I can make you rich, and richer than you have ever yet been; so rich that you will only have to speak one word, and your parents will be set at liberty. Look here, and do not betray me. This jewel in the lining of my dress, which has happily escaped the robbers, I will share with you, and you can then live in affluence all the rest of your life. You need not keep your word with your enemy. Escape with me, and all your wishes are fulfilled. What do you think about it ?"

"Nothing at all," replied Philip. "The temptation is great, but my honesty shall be greater still. Keep your jewel. I will be faithful even to my enemy, and I will trust to God to protect and have pity on me. Enough, Leontes. I will hear no more of that which

tempts me from the path of duty. Let us bear our fate as well as we can."

Philip turned quickly from the tempter, moved from behind the tent, and to his great surprise saw the captain of the Bedouins, who looked at him with radiant eyes, clasped him in his arms, and embraced him affectionately. "Allah il Allah!" exclaimed he; "what a youth you are, and what a wretch that Leontes is. He declared that he possessed nothing besides the five thousand piastres he received from me, and now he is trying to tempt you from your fidelity by his treasure. I was looking for the master of this traitor, and instead of him. I have found a casket of jewels, and the most valuable among them is you, my friend. Leontes, you slave, you miserable wretch, bring your jewel to me! It will be safer with me than with you, for your garments will soon be rent in pieces, and then you will lose all your treasures. Give them, therefore, to me; and if you conceal any, a bastinado and a rope shall be your reward."

Leontes trembled with rage and despair, but he did not dare oppose the captain's command. He pulled a handful of jewels from the lining of his dress, and gave them to Achmet Bey, who received them with delight.

"How did you come by these treasures, you vile dog?" asked he. "Not honestly, I am sure. You must have stolen them. Tell me, or you shall have the bastinado."

Perhaps Leontes thought that if he lost his jewel he should care for nothing else. So he answered that he had stolen it from a rich jeweller when the Bedouins had attacked the caravan. He added, "That the man was one of the first who lost his life from the sabre-cuts of the Bedouins."

"Then I am his heir," said Achmet Bey, "and you shall have your life in exchange for the jewel. You have forfeited it a hundred times over, by breaking your promise and by treason. But you will remain a slave. Philip, follow me, we have something to say to one another."

Achmet Bey led Philip into his tent, made him sit down by his side, and gazed at him with astonishment. Presently he said, "By Allah and the blessed Prophet, I begin to" a great respect for Christians. If this infidel was but half as true, brave, and virtuous as you are! Do stay with me, Philip; the half of this jewel shall be yours, and you shall be my brother. Give me your promise, and take whatever you please."

"I cannot, Achmet Bey," replied Philip; "you know what a sacred duty prevents my becoming your brother. I have promised in the sight of God to set my parents at liberty, and how can I break this promise any more than I could my promise to you? I cannot be your brother on the condition that I remain with you."

"And neither shall you be my slave," replied Achmet, embracing Philip. "Go, free your parents, and keep your vow. We will purchase your freedom, for my power is not great enough to obtain it without ransommoney. The jewel will help to smooth the way to Bagdad, and I will restore to you the Sultan's firman, as well as Ibrahim's letter to Kara Bey. To-morrow you shall be on your way to Bagdad."

Whilst Philip rejoiced at this unlooked for

change of affairs, Achmet Bey collected all the warriors, and related the events of the day to them, and they all consented that Philip should be set at liberty; and besides this, they gave him a horse and some arms, and an escort through the desert. When the captain told Philip all this, he shed tears of joy, whilst Leontes gnashed his teeth, at the hated Greek's happiness. It was happy for Philip that his fate did not depend upon Leontes, but upon the wild sons of the desert, who, wild as they were, had better feelings. Philip scarcely slept that night for joy. He knelt down and thanked God for the help He had given him in his trouble; he gave Him thanks for having touched the hearts of the wild sons of the desert; and he prayed that the Most High would still bless him. Then he lay down upon his hard bed, and fell into a short disturbed sleep.

The first ray of light next morning awoke, him. He sprang up and hastened to Achmet's tent. He was just awake, and bid him welcome. He restored to him the Sultan's firman and Ibrahim's letter, and gave him beside

handful of piastres to prevent his getting into any trouble. Then he ordered a swift horse to be got ready, embraced his young protégé, and assisted him to mount the horse.

"Farewell," he said, "and Allah guide you! We will not forget you and your fidelity. Allah has so ordered it, that the man who betrayed you, should become the cause of your deliverance. In this way Allah punishes the wicked, and rewards the good. Go, and may your horse swiftly lead you to happiness!"

The captain gave the signal, and the noble black horse flew over the land of the desert with Philip. He had hardly time to say "farewell" to Achmet, before the tents of the Bedouins were quite out of sight. A few Arabs escorted him through the desert, then shook hands with him on parting, repeated Allah's blessing, and then vanished. Philip watched them as long as he could see the glittering of their arms and the dust from their horses' feet. When they were out of sight, he said, "I thank Thee, O God. Hitherto Thou hast helped me out of great trouble, be the me now, with Thy mighty power. If

Thou art with me, how can my work fail, and if Thou givest Thy blessing?" He then seized the bridle, turned his horse's head towards Bagdad, and rode on in joyful hope. All seemed brighter than ever.

CHAPTER IX.

BITTER DELUSIONS.

AFTER many days of danger and difficulty, Philip at length reached Bagdad, and rode through the long winding streets to a caravanserai, hoping to find a lodging there. His heart beat quickly and his eyes gazed earnestly in every one's face, hoping to discover the well-known features so fondly imprinted in his memory; but every one was strange to him, and knew nothing of his hopes and fears.

Arrived in the caravanserai, he first attended to his horse, and then went into the hall, hoping to find some one who could tell him where Mustafa lived. He saw no one but an old Turk, of grave and dignified counterparts who was seated on a cushion in a corner of the hall smoking his tschibuk and sipping hot coffee, and watching the people who were crowding up and down before the caravanserai.

Philip saluted the Turk with the usual "Salem aleikum,"—"Peace be with you," sat down with him, and asked him with a beating heart, "If he was acquainted with the merchant 'Mustafa Kodosi,' and if he knew where he lived?"

"Mustafa Kodosi, my son," replied the Turk kindly, "what can you want with Mustafa the merchant? I know him very well—he is an old avaricious dog, and every one is on his guard with him: if you have business with him, take care that he does not cheat you."

"I have important business to transact with him," answered Philip. "Can you not tell me where I shall find him? I do not think he will cheat me."

"He lives in that street yonder—that house with the balcony is his," said the Turk. "But I warn you again of his covetousness. Be areful!"

Philip thanked the Turk, but hardly listened to his warning, and hastened out to find Mustafa. He was quite breathless with haste and emotion when he reached Mustafa's house. He saw a servant and asked if he could speak to his master.

"My master is gone away," replied the man, to poor Philip's horror; but added immediately, "we expect him back to-morrow or the day after."

"Then I will return," said Philip, "but I dare say you can tell me, friend, if your master has two Greek slaves, whom he brought from Candia eleven or twelve years ago?"

"My master has plenty of slaves," answered the servant, "but how should I know whether they are Greeks?"

"Will you find out for me?" asked Philip anxiously. "It would add very much to my happiness to know that they are alive."

"I have no time to ask about the slaves," replied the man. "They are all dogs. Go, and come back when my master returns. I must shake the carpet—go, friend."

It was in vain that Philip repeated his -

quest; the unfriendly servant showed him out, and shut the door after him.

Philip went away very sad and quite hurt at the servant's unkindness. On his way to the caravanserai, he determined to go to Kara Bey and give him the Pasha's letter. Philip thought that Kara Bey must know the merchant Mustafa, and he hoped that the Pasha's friend would give him not only gold, but good advice. He asked the people he met where Kara Bey lived. One man said, "Kara Bey! I do not know." And several more gave him the same answer; and at last one stared at him quite astonished and said, "Why do you ask for the dead? Kara Bey died a year ago last Ramadan."

At these words poor Philip seemed to lose all strength, and his bold and hopeful spirit was quite cast down. If Kara Bey was really dead, what would become of poor Philip? Far from home, in a strange town, without a friend, without money, poor and forsaken, how should he ever see his parents again, or set them at liberty? How should he help starving? He possessed nothing now but Achmet Bey's horse and a few piastres in his pocket. And his

journey was all in vain! And after all the difficulties he had gone through, he was so near his parents and yet it was quite impossible to help them. All his bright hopes were gone—poor and helpless in a strange land, what fate could be more unhappy than that of poor Philip?

He did not recover for some time from this blow. At last, hope shot through his mind. Could there not have been another Kara Bey in Bagdad; might there not have been two of that name? And perhaps the one whom he wanted was still alive?

He composed himself, therefore, and asked at least ten or twenty people about Kara Bey, but he received no answer, but "Kara Bey is dead, and there is no one of that name now in Bagdad." At last, Philip was convinced that all his hopes were gone, and returned in despair to the caravanserai, which he had so lately entered full of life and bright hope. The old Turk was still in his corner smoking a tschibuk, but Philip did not see him, being quite overcome by his grief; and, seeking the darkest corner of the hall, sank down in it, covered his face with his hands, and wept as if his heart

would break. He had never felt so miserable and forsaken as now. All his former sorrows he had borne with patience and resignation, for he had always been comforted with the hope that, with God's help, he should obtain his desire. But now that his journey was at an end, and he was so near his parents, a greater gulf than sea and land, or the desert itself, was between them. It was too much for him. His heart was now quite broken, and his joyful hopes were exchanged for bitter grief and despair.

The old Turk having remarked Philip's return, observed him with a shake of the head, and a look of the truest sympathy and compassion. He saw the poor boy's grief; he heard his convulsive sobs, and at last he saw him wring his hands, throw himself on his knees, and raise his weeping eyes to heaven. Poor Philip prayed also, and sought help from God; and the Turk, who had got up to offer his advice and help, sat down again upon his cushion, saying something to himself. After some time, he got up again, placed his cushion close to Philip, seated himself on it, and tapped

his shoulder with the amber mouthpiece of his tschibuk. Philip was so absorbed with his grief, that he was not aware of the Turk's being so near to him, and looked up in confusion and surprise. "My son," said the Turk, "when Allah sends us sorrow, we should bear it patiently. Why do you weep so? No sorrow is so great that Allah cannot soften it. But I see that you are no follower of the Prophet, but a Christian. Is your faith then so weak that it gives you no comfort when you are unhappy?"

Philip shook his head sorrowfully, saying, "If you knew my grief, you would not say that to me. I am the unhappiest of men. I am quite broken-hearted."

"That is why you should not despair and behave as if you were out of your senses," said the Turk seriously, but kindly. "Cannot the hand which breaks the heart heal it again? Though your cheeks are now pale with sorrow, Allah can restore their colour. Why will you doubt the power of Allah? Does he not even now show you pity in sending you a friend who is interested in your fate?"

"A friend!" exclaimed Philip. "I have no friend; all who have been kind to me are very far away."

"Then you do not see that I am sitting by your side, and that I am your friend," said the Turk. "I have pitied you. Do not despair. Tell me what makes you so sad, and perhaps Allah may allow me to help you. Speak without fear, for I wish to be kind to you."

Philip could not resist the old Turk's kindness, and he told him all his troubles. At the end of his story he burst into tears, and the Turk let him weep, whilst his eyes were bent on the ground in deep thought. At last he said,—

"Friend, be composed; though I cannot promise to free your parents, yet I will promise to try. Do not despair, but take courage. Wait patiently until Mustafa returns. I know him slightly, and will accompany you to his house. Perhaps we shall find him less hardened by avarice and covetousness than we expect; perhaps, also, your filial love may touch his heart, and he may set them at liberty without desiring a ransom; but if not, there is

still hope. I am not rich, but my master is; and if he were here, I would tell him your story; but I cannot say when he will return to Bagdad; but it will be soon. Be comforted, for he will be interested in you. Do not leave the caravanserai; I will come and see you every day. Hope, therefore; Allah forsakes none who trust in him."

At these words the old Turk stood up, shook the ashes out of his pipe, and left the caravanserai. Philip followed him with his eyes. "Could he trust this man?—and yet how kindly and seriously he had promised to help him."

The Almighty had not forsaken him in his distress, and had sent him a friend when he believed himself a stranger and friendless in a foreign land. "What an unbeliever I am," said Philip, and threw himself on his knees to pray. "O God, forgive me for not trusting to Thy almighty help—forgive me, for my soul was weak and full of sorrow. Henceforth I will lean upon Thy help as upon a strong staff; I will not complain that my sorrow is great" So prayed Philip, and as the sun disp

clouds, so prayer to the Most High soothed his grief. Upon His help our hopes should at all times be fixed, in sorrow as well as in joy.

CHAPTER X.

THE MEETING.

Many days passed without any change in poor Philip's situation. He went every day to Mustafa's house, and inquired if he was returned. The kind Hassan visited him every day, and comforted him with hopes of the success of his undertaking. About a week after, he one day saw a little procession of camels stop at Mustafa's house, laden with different merchandise. He hastened out and made inquiries, and to his great joy he heard that Mustafa was come home. He did not see him, but he returned to the caravanserai with a lighter heart, to await Hassan's arrival. As soon as he saw him, he exclaimed, "Mustafa arrived three hours ago."

"How very wonderful," said Hassan,

smiling. "My young master is come home to-day, and if Mustafa is not merciful, we shall know how to manage him. Come and let us hear what he has to say."

Philip did not need to be asked twice. He walked so fast that Hassan could not keep up with him. "Stay, boy," said he to Philip; "compose yourself; how your cheeks glow, and your eyes sparkle; your heart beats as if it would jump through your skin. Compose yourself, my son, and do not raise your hopes too high. Let me speak to Mustafa. If he sees how anxious you are to free his slaves, he may ask so high a price that even my young master will not be able to satisfy him; so compose yourself, for you never needed prudence more than at this moment."

Philip concealed his feelings sufficiently to please Hassan. When they were at Mustafa's door, Hassan drew back, saying, "It would be better, perhaps, for me to go alone to Mustafa; wait for me outside."

"No, no," replied Philip, "I must go with you, or I shall die of impatience. I will not let even a look betray that I am the chi

the slaves until the moment arrives for me to claim them."

"Follow me, then," said Hassan, "but take care; for Mustafa is a cunning fox, and he and I must first agree about the price of the slaves, or he will afterwards cheat us. So be silent, my son."

Philip promised not to lose his presence of mind, and they entered Mustafa's house. Hassan desired to be taken directly to Mustafa; the servant, struck with his dignified appearance, led him to his master's apartment. Mustafa welcomed him with pretended friend-liness, and after the usual greetings, cushions and pipes were brought, and hot coffee was handed to the guests in little cups, and when these civilities were over, Mustafa inquired the pleasure of his honoured guest.

"I am come on unusual business," said Hassan, very coolly, whilst poor Philip trembled so that he could hardly conceal his feelings in the powerful clouds of smoke from his tschibuk; "very unusual business," continued Hassan. "My master has been victorious in a battle with the rebels, and in

gratitude to Allah he is going to ransom some Christian slaves, and he wishes me to make inquiries about those in Bagdad."

"Allah il Allah! that is very odd," exclaimed Mustafa. "The idea of showing kindness to Christian dogs."

"That does not matter," said Hassan; "my master commands it, and I must obey. I heard that you had some unbelievers in your house."

"Oh yes, I have some of those dogs," replied Mustafa.

"And are you inclined to set them free?"

"Yes, if I can get their price," answered Mustafa. "You are my friend, therefore I will not oppose your master's whim."

"Do not be in such a hurry, Mustafa," said Hassan. "A slave whom you purchased ten or fifteen years ago cannot possibly be worth as much now as you then paid. How many unbelievers have you in your house?"

"Only two," answered Mustafa, hesitatingly, but they are valuable labourers; they are man and wife."

"Ask him their names, and where the

come from," whispered Philip, almost fainting; "life and death depend upon his answer."

- "Be quiet," said Hassan in a very low voice, and squeezed Philip's hand; "another word, and we shall be lost."
- "What does your companion want?" said the merchant, who was closely watching the youth.
- "Nothing," said Hassan coolly, and smoked his pipe. "Where did you buy these slaves?—and are they old or young?"
- "They are Greeks," answered Mustafa; "I bought them eleven or twelve years ago in the isle of Candia, for eight hundred piastres. The man is called Messaros, and the woman Helena."

A suppressed exclamation escaped from Philip. His parents were alive, and he was under the same roof with them. His heart beat violently, and he might have betrayed his feelings, if a look from Hassan had not warned him.

- "Who is that youth?" said Mustafa, suspiciously.
 - "Pooh!" replied Hassan, "he came from

Candia, and does not always know how to behave. But if you have worked these slaves eleven or twelve years, they cannot be worth much."

"By Allah and the Prophets, I never had better slaves. They are scarcely thirty years old, and are strong and healthy. The woman looks a little pale, but she will soon recover when free. They are worth a thousand piastres."

"By the Prophet, friend, you are a bold demander," said Hassan, contemptuously. "My master might perhaps give six hundred piastres."

"Let us see them," whispered Philip; "have pity on me, do let me see their faces."

"Be quiet," replied Hassan, "or we are lost. Now, Mustafa, six hundred piastres; not a para more."

"By Allah, that is not enough," said Mustafa.
"A thousand piastres, I say; but you had better see them first."

"That is enough," said Hassan coolly. "Mustafa may keep his slaves, and we will not trouble him. Come, my son."

"No, stop; you do not leave this spot," said Mustafa, fearing he should lose a good bargain. "Ho, Abdallah, bring in the two infidels."

"No," said Hassan, "I will not see them. My business is over. My master will not pay more than six hundred piastres. Allah be with you, Mustafa."

"Then take them for six hundred," said the merchant, deceived by Hassan's determined tone. "It is better to have something than nothing."

"Good," replied Hassan. "I have your promise, and you shall hear from me to-morrow. I must speak to my master before I proceed any further. I have been too hasty."

"No, no," exclaimed Mustafa; "the bargain is struck; you cannot draw back now."

"You may spare your words," replied Hassan, "you are sure to make a good bargain; but let us go, Philip."

Philip did not, or would not, hear. "Have pity on me," he said; "one look, only one. Tell Mustafa to send for the slaves."

"No; be silent, and follow me," replied Tassan. "By the Prophet's head, your

parents shall be set at liberty, as Mustafa will be satisfied with six hundred piastres. Be composed: follow me."

Philip consented to wait, and was about to follow Hassan, when suddenly a man and woman entered the room, and bowed low to Mustafa, who exclaimed to Hassan, "Here are the slaves; look at them, friend, and see if you would not have a bargain."

Philip stood as if stunned. The sight of his parents overpowered him; and Hassan lost his presence of mind for a moment, and when he looked at poor Philip, it was too late; he rushed forward, exclaiming "My father and mother!" threw himself into their arms, and forgot everything else.

Mustafa laughed, and muttered, "I was right then. By Allah, the boy was too like the woman to deceive me; and now I shall get a better price for these Christian dogs."

"Everything is lost," said Hassan to himself.
"Unhappy boy! Why did he not listen to me? Mustafa will now ask such a sum that the Grand Signor himself could not pay it.

Unhappy boy! I cannot scold him. The trial was great." And laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, he said, "We will go, and you shall see your parents to-morrow. Our business is concluded, friend Mustafa."

"No," replied Mustafa scornfully, "I have changed my mind. Your master may purchase alaves elsewhere. I shall not sell these. Go, you will not deceive me any more. You are a sly fox, but you did not know, perhaps, that Mustafa is the father of foxes. By the Pasha's beard, I will keep these slaves unless you pay me what I first asked you for them—ten thousand piastres."

"Then you will get nothing at all," replied Hassan coolly. "This youth is very poor; he depends on the generosity of my master, but even he could not satisfy such a demand. Oh, Mustafa! was not your heart touched to see this poor boy and his parents? He has undergone fatigue and danger, and the horrors of the desert, and has braved death itself to obtain their freedom. And would you be so unmerciful to such filial love and self-sacrifice. Pelease your slaves, Mustafa, for a moderate

ransom, and Allah's blessing will rest upon you."

"Pooh! you are a fool," replied Mustafa.

"What do I care for the Christian dog? If
he was not an unbeliever, it would be different;
but as it is now, if you bring me ten thousand
piastres, you may have the slaves; if not, you
may spare your words."

"Then all is lost," said Hassan with sorrow.

"My master cannot do so much for a stranger, and for one of a different faith. It is madness to think of it. Come, poor Philip, we have nothing more to do here."

Mustafa felt that Hassan meant what he said, and he was too avaricious to let such an opportunity be lost. "Patience," he said to Hassan; "does the youth love his perents very much?"

"Ask him," answered Hassan.

Philip was closely locked in his parents' arms, when Mustafa asked him, if he was ready to do all he could, for his parents' deliverance.

"Yes, everything," exclaimed the youth vehemently.

"Well then," said Mustafa, "if you below

me six hundred piastres, and will be my slave instead of your parents, they may return to their country. But you must remain in my power through life."

"Take me then," answered Philip quickly.

"I would sacrifice a thousand lives for my dear parents, and why not my liberty? They have suffered enough. It is time that I should take my turn. Go, beloved parents; you are free, and Pasha Ibrahim of Candia will take care of you."

"Who did you say would take care of them?" answered Hassan quickly. "Pasha Ibrahim of Candia! The Pasha of Rumelia—I ought to have thought of that before. Enough, Philip, follow me."

"No, no. I would rather share their slavery, and at least lighten the weight of those chains which I cannot break."

"Stay then," replied Hassan. "I can do my business without you. Farewell, my son, you shall hear from me again."

Without taking leave of Mustafa, who stood maliciously grinning, Hassan left the house. Philip did not stir; whatever the future might

be, he was happy now, for he was with those beloved parents, for whose sake he had suffered so much.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PASHA'S SON.

THE next day Hassan went very early to his young master, who received him very kindly. "What have you to tell me to-day, Hassan?" said he.

"A curious story, my lord," answered Hassan.

"Relate it to me," said the kind young Turk; and he listened to his servant's words with increasing interest.

Hassan related Philip's past life just as he had heard it from him. His separation from his parents, their slavery, Philip's longing to find them, and lastly about the good Turk in Candia, who had assisted him with money, and a firman, and a letter to Kara Bey in Pr. ' '

and how this same Turk had sent him in a ship to Asia to set his parents at liberty.

"Allah il Allah!" said the attentive youth.
"Hassan, you have related to me the history of my friend, Philip Messaros. What has become of him?"

Hassan then related the visit to Mustafa, and Philip's meeting with his parents, and his resolution to give up his liberty for the sake of his beloved parents. It was then for the first time that he mentioned the name of Pasha Ibrahim.

"He is my poor friend Philip," exclaimed Achmet, springing up from his cushions and pacing the room rapidly; "I thought he was long ago safe with his parents; how could I guess that he had fallen into the hands of the Bedouins? I could hear nothing of him, as Kara Bey was dead when we came here. The insurrection in the Asiatic provinces brought me here; I wonder that I did not think of poor Philip; but Allah be praised that he is found. Take all my treasures, Hassan, and ransom him; spare no money; Philip saved life, and he shall not find me ungrateful.

Hassan, why did you not tell me before that Philip was here?"

"How could I?" replied the faithful servant. "Did I know that he is your friend? He did not before mention your name, or that he had saved your life. He did not before speak of Ibrahim Pasha; and you only came home yesterday; and I did not know what happened before I entered your service; so pardon me, my lord; I am innocent."

"True," replied Achmet; "but we will not lose a moment. Philip and his parents must be set at liberty; I will give all my possessions for this. Take me to Mustafa's house, for I long to see the noble Philip again."

Hassan prepared to obey, only begging his master not to interfere with Mustafa, but to leave the business to him. "I know the knave," said he. "If Philip had controlled his feelings, he and his parents would have been set at liberty. If Mustafa sees that you are interested in the boy, he will be exorbitant in his demand; so I beg you to leave the affair in my hands."

"By Allah and the Prophet, I will let you

do just as you wish," replied Achmet, impatiently, "only let us go."

"Willingly," said Hassan; "but you must first put on another dress, my lord; Mustafa must not suspect that you are come to ransom your friend. He is a sly fox, and he can only be caught by slyness."

Achmet had confidence enough in Hassan's wisdom to follow this hint, and threw an ample caftan over his splendid dress, and followed Hassan to Mustafa's house. There he had to wait some time before he saw Mustafa. Abdallah, the servant, must have received particular instructions about Hassan, for he tried various excuses to send him away. First he said that Mustafa was asleep, then that he was gone away, then that he was sick, until Hassan lost all patience, pushed him aside, and, followed by Achmet, made his way into the house and to Mustafa's room. Mustafa was reclining, and looked very angry when he saw Hassan.

"What do you want?" he began; "did they not tell you that I will speak to no one? out of my house."

"Not so, friend," replied Hassan coolly. "We will first talk about my young friend Philip, and his parents, and then I will not trouble you any more. Will you send for the slaves and their son?"

"What slaves? what son?" answered Mustafa, with pretended surprise. "Who are you, that you ask for my slaves? I do not know you. Go, or I will send for the kadi to take you away."

"What!" exclaimed Hassan, "do you not know me? By the Prophet's beard, this is impudence. Send for my friend Philip, or I will accuse you before the kadi."

"Impudent fellow, who are you?" growled Mustafa; "who is your friend Philip?—off with you, I have no one of that name."

"Ah! then there is kidnapping in the business. Do you deny that I was here yesterday, with the Greek youth called Philip, to set his parents free?"

"Yes, I deny it," replied Mustafa insolently.

"And do you also deny that Philip is in your house?"

"Yes, I do deny it," growled Mustafa;

"you are an insolent fellow; off with you, or I will send for my servant to give you the bastinado."

"By Allah, what insolence! Do you not know, friend Mustafa, that kidnapping is punished with the rope in this country? If I send for the kadi you will be strangled."

"Send for him," replied Mustafa contemptuously. "The kadi is my friend, and who are you, slave?—away with you; do not let me see your face again."

"Enough," said Hassan, and turned to his master. "The knave is now in our power, and concealment is no longer necessary. Did I not tell you, my lord, that this man is a sly fox? He denies your friend, that he may keep him a slave like his parents. He thinks to escape punishment, but the fox is caught in his own trap. The kadi might, perhaps, have protected him, but the Pasha of Bagdad will assist the son of the Pasha of Rumelia. Dog! traitor! knave!" cried he to the terrified Mustafa, "open your eyes! This is my master, your Pasha's best friend, the son of the Pasha of Rumelia. Tremble, for you shall be either

imprisoned, or at least strangled with the silken cord."

"Enough," said Achmet, and threw off the caftan, and displayed his splendid dress to the mortified Mustafa, who instantly recognized the young Bey, who by his bravery had suppressed the late insurrection, and was renowned throughout Bagdad. "Enough, Hassan; go instantly to the Pasha, and beg him in my name to come here directly, and this man shall receive his just punishment. By Allah, he is a knave, and the greatest of them too."

Hassan was going, but Mustafa threw himself on the ground before him, and clasping his knees, so that he could not move, exclaimed, "Mercy! for Allah's sake, mercy! I have deceived you, but I will make amends for my crime. Take Philip and his parents, my treasures, my house, camels, every thing, but do not let the Pasha come; only spare my life. By Allah and the Prophet, I will improve. I will become a good Mussulman. I will not sin against the Koran; but spare me and be merciful to me."

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It was some time before Achmet could

control his anger sufficiently to listen to Mustafa's entreaties. At last Hassan whispered something to him, and his face brightened as he said, laughing, "Get up, miserable man, and listen to me. You shall have mercy upon one condition. You have ill-treated the parents of poor Philip for years; you have robbed the youth, and have compelled him to become your slave, and your heart was not touched by his filial love. You have shown no mercy, but you shall have mercy on one condition, and this is that you give the largest half of all that you possess to my friend Philip."

"Alas! alas!" cried Mustafa; "then I am

"Better a ruined than a dead man," said Hassan coldly. "You can do as you like."

"I cannot," groaned the avaricious merchant.
"I will free the slaves without a ransom, but do not expect more from me."

"Go to the Pasha, Hassan," commanded Achmet. Hassan was going, but Mustafa stopped him again, and after many struggles and contortions, he at last consented to pay one hundred thousand piastres to Philip.

"Fetch the money and the slaves," said Achmet; "and do not hope to escape or deceive me, for you know that the justice of the Pasha is as swift and fatal as lightning."

Mustafa slid out, and soon after Philip and his parents appeared, and with a cry of joy he threw himself into Achmet's arms, who exclaimed kindly, "Brother, you are not only free but rich. Allah, who always rewards the good, has blessed you. Hassan will presently bring you a bagfull of piastres. Take them, and return home with your parents, and enjoy the fortune which you have gained by your trust in Allah, your true filial love, your courage and perseverance."

Philip thought that he was dreaming, until the repeated assurances of Achmet and Hassan convinced him at last that this unexpected good fortune was a reality. With beaming eyes he embraced his parents, who, after years of suffering, saw the sun of their happiness rising once more through the love of their child. They left Mustafa's house with their friend.

Mustafa was the only unhappy one, but he

was the only wicked one. Philip and his parents went to Achmet's house with him, and here Mustafa's treasures were brought to them. When they had spent some weeks very happily with Achmet, they returned to Candia, purchased their former property, and lived in peace and happiness. The venerable Michael Santos became a beloved and honoured member of the family. Love had reunited them, and love united them until the close of life. What more can I tell vou but that in their happiness they did not forget the Lord, but they praised and thanked Him every day for having turned their night of sorrow into joy and peace, by blessing the efforts of their good and loving child.



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